OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME IX. RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY JUNE 4, 1891.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

Real Estate Loan and Insurance EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from $100 to $500 each

Also many of the Finest Business Sites.

Time given purchasers who intend buying.

Sole agent for all property of M., L. S. & W. R'y Co. Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and others.

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I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

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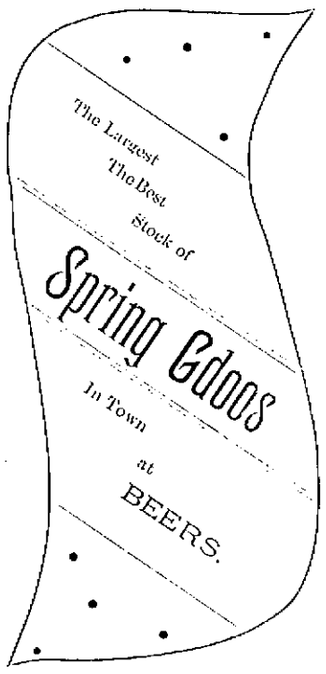
I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Fire Insurance at Equitable Rates.

ABSTRACT

The only Abstracts of Oneida Lands. Two Complete Sets

Office on Davenport street. PAUL BROWNE.



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MAKER OF FINE

CIGARS

The "Soo" and O. F. W

ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

DRY GOODS,

Groceries and Shoes.

Our line of Dry Goods is always well assorted with the newest things in market. Car load of Groceries always in stock. We carry the best and leading makes of Men's, Women's and Children's Fine Shoes, such as The Celebrated John Kelly, McClure, Bloser & Eggert and many other makes. Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods, Clothing Hardware and Lumbermen's Supplies, and a thousand other things too unmerous to mention. We are also at the bottom on prices.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

LUMBER NOTES.

Day & Daniels of this city have purchased group four of the Rust tract of pine in 39—9 E, for $55,000. This tract of land contains upwards of seventeen million feet of No. 1 pine, situated finely to log on Sugar Camp Creek. This closes out to Rhinelander manufacturers two-thirds of the Rust tract that a few years ago we were afraid would be purchased by down river parties before we had mill men with capital enough to secure it.

The highest price ever paid for logs in this market was paid by the Rhinelander Lumber & Shingle Co. for one million feet to the Menasha Wooden Ware Co., $11.50 per M. This makes a stock of nine million feet for this mill for the season.

John O'Connor sold to Wm. H. Bradley, of Tomahawk, six forties of pine in 36—7E for $12,000 this week. This pine is not tributary to Rhinelander. This price of $50 per acre seems a pretty good figure when it is taken into consideration that the land was purchased from the U. S. in 1872 at $1.25 per acre.

Negotiations are now pending with a box factory concern of Chicago to establish a box factory plant here to handle from 10 to 15 million feet of our No. 4 boards. Credit will be due to the Advancement Association if the scheme is successful. The screen door factory now building will handle a large amount of narrow unmerchantable lumber also. It looks as though Rhinelander manufacturers were going to utilize about everything but the bark and saw dust, and by the way band saws are coming into favor that they propose to make as little saw dust as possible.

A conversation was overheard by one of our citizens while at the Bellis, at Wausau, in which the benefits of Advancement Associations were being discussed, and as the discussion waxed a little hot one of the leading lumbermen said: "Why here! Just look at those fellows up at Rhinelander. They went there paupers and have been there only a short time but they seem to have enough influence and money and sand to capture every manufacturing enterprise that comes along, even after the parties have been here and looked around. There is that screen door plant from Wabash for instance. You can talk to me as much as you please; there has got to be a united effort made by the people to convince such men as they are that any particular location is what they want, and those Rhinelander chaps stay right with such things until they are anchored, then they send for another horse."

The loss of pine and logs in Wisconsin by the late forest fires ss estimated at $8,000,000.

Owing to high freight rates and overproduction, fifty shingle mills between Portland and British Columbia shut down last week.

The Buttrick mill plant and property was sold by Sheriff Mericle, Tuesday. It was knocked down to the only bidder. E. O. Brown, of Brown Bros. Lumber Co., for $21,000. Just what disposition the new owners will make of the property is not yet known. They were among the largest creditors.

The Rhinelander correspondent of the Timberman under date of May 26, says:

Taking everything into consideration, the trade here is a fair one. The outlook is not particularly promising, nor is it to any extent encouraging.

The exceedingly dry weather which has prevailed in this section of the country since the snow left (there having been no rain at all to speak of since that time), has not only left the woods very dry and very severe fires have prevailed in certain localities destroying quantities of timber, but the drouth has made a perceptible decrease in the water and the outlook of delay grows worse for the bringing out of any of the various drives which are now on their way. Have heard of no drives that are actually hung up but we see that a number of them are virtually upon the jagged edges, and daily prayers of all log owners and lumbermen are for rain, but as lumbermen generally are classed among the sinners it is a question whether their prayer receives that attention which is given to a more religiously inclined class of people.

The saw mills of Rhinelander are all in active operation with the exception of one mill, and they have all secured very nearly an entire season's run.

The Underwood Lumber Company report the number of inquiries and orders by letter are fully up to the average for the season and that their spring's business is quite satisfactory. The planing mill of this company suffered an accident which kept them idle for some six weeks.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of Rhinelander Kindling Wood Co., up to five o'clock P. M., Saturday, June 6th, for hauling slabs and edgings from the Rhinelander Lumber and Shingle Co.'s mill and piling them on the grounds of the Kindling Wood Company. For further particulars apply at the office of the Company.

RHINELANDER KINDLING WOOD CO
By E. B. DENISON, Secy.

MINOCQUA.

New side walks have been placed on all the principal streets. They improve the looks of the town.

Minocqua is full of strangers. Some are here for business, others for pleasure.

Mrs. Darrow and daughter Crystal, are in Chicago for a few days.

About a dozen families from here are in Wausau reading the homestead law.

Mr. Lehey was in town last week on his way to the reservation.

The girls should be very careful when they go out boat riding. Several accidents have happened during the past week, and although nothing serious, all concerned got wet.

Vine Campbell and wife, of Garth, called upon their many friends in Minocqua last Sunday.

Messrs Lee and Fordan, of Hazelhurst, were in town Sunday. They enjoyed a ride on the new steamboat.

Chet Ogden has a neat market, and John Flishman is the right man to do the carving. Call and be convinced.

J. Sullivan has rented one of the coziest cottages in town and will commence housekeeping at once.

HAZELHURST.

D. A. Cippea, of Merrill, was here on Tuesday.

E. H. Bacon, of Milwaukee, was in town last week.

Editor Morrill, of the Minocqua Times, paid us a visit last week.

E. W. McKenna, Asst. General Superintendent, and R. R. Minturn, Division Superintendent of the St. Paul road, were in town Thursday.

The Yawkey & Lee Lumber Co.'s mill began running nights on Thursday and the mill is now turning out about 75,000 feet every twenty-four hours.

Last Friday twenty thousand brook trout were received here from the state fish hatchery at Madison. They were placed in streams near here.

Mr. Edward Bruelley, of Milwaukee, and Mr. D. W. McNaughton, of McNaughton, spent last Friday in Hazelhurst.

The forest fires have about burned themselves out.

Rev. Eugene Armstrong, of Princeton, N. J., held church here on Friday evening.

Mr. Ben Reynolds, of St. Paul, spent Sunday here.

Last Monday a party of three went to Lake "John F. Miller", about two miles east of Hazelhurst, and caught over two hundred black bass weighing from ½ to 2 pounds each. These bass were all taken with flies. The lake was named after Mr. John F. Miller, Superintendent of the Penn. R. R., with headquarters at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Miller visited us last year on a fishing trip.

McNAUGHTON.

Our writer is once more on deck.

Very warm on Sawdust Park nowadays.

Our business is somewhat lively around here at present. Several places of amusement having started up.

D. W. McNaughton's railroad is now in operation and is hauling in the neighborhood of 75,000 feet per day.

Last Saturday night the crew of carpenters at work on the planing mill gave a dance. Nearly every one in town seemed to participate, and all enjoyed themselves.

M. E. Darrah and wife started last Wednesday night for Big Rapids, Mich. Mrs. Darrah intends stopping with her parents for a time, as her health has been poorly of late. We wish her an enjoyable visit and better health on her return.

Our friend, John Newman, moves to Rhinelander this week. We shall miss him here.

McNaughton is getting to the front fast. We now have a base ball club, a good one, and in the near future challenges will be issued to some of the clubs in the surrounding towns

There is a party in our town who reminds us of one of the oldfashioned snapping machines. It would stop a freight train to listen to the conversation.

The base ball teams new uniforms arrived Saturday. The boys will present a very creditable appearance in them and are patiently waiting for a chance to don them.

The Rights of Claimants.

There has been so much misunderstanding concerning the rights of homestead or preemption claimants to cut timber on lands still under dispute or on which they have not yet proven up, that special agent Smith, of Marquette found it necessary a few weeks ago to write to Washington about the matter. Inquiries at the land office here are still so frequent that the answer received by him is herewith given in full as covering the whole ground thoroughly:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
GENERAL LAND OFFICE,

Mr. Luther Smith, Special Agent General Land Office Marquette Mich.

SIR:—I have before me your letter dated 8th instant, enclosing newspaper clipping entitled "Settlers vs. Scrip.

It is difficult to comprehend how the position of this office can be misunderstood. The government cannot interfere or take sides in contests between individuals until all of the facts on both sides are properly presented before it for adjudication. When two parties claim a particular tract of public land, and either or both are residing upon the land and complying fully with the requirements of the law as to improvements, cultivation, etc., this office cannot prevent the party who is proving his good faith by his acts from cutting so much timber as is absolutely necessary to enable him to occupy the land and comply with the requirements of the law. But he cannot go outside of this and cut timber for sale or disposal; nor can he cut timber in excess of his actual requirements, for sale or traffic, under the pretense that he intends to clear and cultivate the ground.

The clearing and cultivation must follow step by step with the cutting; for as in the language of the court in the case of U. S. circuit court, Oregon 18, Federal Reporter, p. 475, the cutting of timber "ought not to be allowed except upon clear proof that the tillage or cultivation has kept pace, acre by acre, or field by field, with the cutting and removal." * * * "But, 'tillage' means husbandry—the cultivation of the land, particularly by the plow."

Moreover the clearing and cultivation of the land must be of a character to improve same and add to its value and cannot be permitted if it is a material damage to the land and depreciative of its value.

An adverse claimant to land who cuts timber therefrom, even though in good faith and for the improvement of the land, does so at his own risk, and if the final decision of this office should be against him, and the title to the land should pass to the other claimant, proceedings may be taken against him by the successful party to recover the value of the timber, and for all damages sustained.

The newspaper article enclosed by you does not fully represent the position of this office, as the said article entirely ignores the material point, that no timber—not even one tree—can be cut by the settlers in excess of what is absolutely necessary to prepare the particular area cut over for immediate cultivation. The letter to special agent Worden referred to in the said newspaper clipping stated also: These settlers must one and all be prepared, should they be called upon, to show conclusively that they have strictly complied with the law and the rules of Department Circular of December 15, 1885.

Very respectfully,
WM STONE,
Acting Commissioner.

Ball Game Saturday.

The Minocqua ball club will surely be here Saturday, this week, and play the O. F. W.'s at the grounds in the south part of town. The game will be an interesting one, as the home club will present their full nine for the first time, and the Minocquas come strengthened by many old ball players who are now on homesteads near that place. The game will be called at four o'clock. C. W. Judd, of Minocqua, one of the best umpires in the state, will officiate. There should be a big turn out, as there doubtless will be.

At a Bargain.

I have the following described property which I will sell at reasonable figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12 Second addition; Lot 3, in Block 6, First addition; Lot 11, in Block 1, Brown's 2nd, Replat; House and lot in Block 9, on Thayer St, or will sell any two houses and lots on Stevens street. L. HOLM.

The chief of police, of Ft. Howard, was in Rhinelander Saturday, and arrested a man by the name of Lovejoy on the charge of fornication. Lovejoy is a cripple, his limbs being paralyzed and one hand withered, and went about town in a three wheeled chair begging.

Wolcott's new photograph gallery on Brown street is ready for business. The public is cordially invited to call and inspect samples of the best work ever done in Rhinelander.

Choice selected Early Rose and Beauty of Hebron seed potatoes $1.25 per bushel at Jewell & Bastian's.

Photos, cabinets, cards or panels, at reduced prices at Walcott's new gallery

JEWELL & B
New S

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

FRESH FRUITS & VEGETABLES,

Creamery and Dairy Butter,
Hay, Feed, Flour, Oats, Etc.

Tutt's Pills

To purge the bowels does not make them regular but leaves them in worse condition than before. The liver is the the seat of trouble, and

THE REMEDY

must act on it. Tutt's Liver Pills act directly on that organ, causing a free [illegible] bowels.

J B. SHELL

—THE—

TAILOR,

Has the Finest and Most Complete Stock of Suitings in the City.

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder.

BROWN STREET,

Rhinelander, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of -

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Rhinelander Hospital.

RHINELANDER - WIS

A FIRST-CLAS INISTUTION.

For $6.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury, during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.

J. M. DODD, Resident Surgeon.

Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH ANN GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and as low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade.

Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausts' Block. - Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

OUR INVISIBLE FOES.

The Wonderful Little Creatures Called Microbes.

Facts Which Read Like the Wildest Fiction —The Attention These Tiny Animals Are Attracting from Learned Men of Science.

Wisdom cautions us not to think too slightingly of small things: but when things are too small for eyes to see them, we are apt to think that they concern no one save the infatuated microscopist. We ordinary people would be quite content to ignore them, provided only that they would let us alone in return. But the small things called "microbes" will enter into no such compacts. However tiny they are, no one can call them insignificant, for they have probably killed more people and destroyed more property than have all the famous soldiers from Sisera to Bismarck.

Microbes, nowadays, lay down the law to physicians, surgeons, hospital nurses and architects. Some of the greatest minds of our time spend their best efforts in studying the manners and customs of these microscopic beings, and the books and pamphlets

THEIR MAY MOVING.

Why Mrs. Peregrine Post Thinks Her Cousin Very Generous.

It was the thirtieth day of April when my cousin, Peregrine Post, came into the office, threadbare and shabby as usual, with the nap worn off his hat, his garments threadbare with much wear and excessive brushing and a pair of fingerless gloves upon his hands.

I cannot say that I was glad to see him. My cousin Peregrine Post was one of those luckless fellows who are always losing property, making unfortunate investments and borrowing small sums of money, which are to be repaid without fail at the expiration of precisely one week from the date of the loan. But he was a good sort of fellow, too, in his way. He had made a love match with a pretty blue-eyed girl without a penny and had half a dozen dimpled babies, and how they lived nobody knew.

"Going to move this first of May, Cousin Jacob?" said he, beamingly.

"I suppose so," said I.

"So am I," said Cousin Peregrine. "Rent's getting too high—landlady has raised—all that sort of thing. So we're going to No. 11 Smith street."

I looked hard at Peregrine Post and made no remark. Was he going to ask me to lend him five dollars, or to demand that I should become security for his rent? I resolved in my inmost mind to say "No" to either proposition at once.

"And, as we're pretty low for furniture," said Peregrine, "it occurred to my mind that perhaps you'd send us any old odds and ends that you've no particular use for. Children's cribs, chairs, tables, washtubs—anything, in fact!" with a comprehensive wave of the hand which seemed to embrace the whole subject.

"Peregrine Post," said I, wrathfully, "do you think I've nothing to do but to buy furniture to give away?"

"Any old thing, you know," interposed my cousin, with imperturbable good-humor. "We aren't particular."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said I. "I have no 'old things.' *My* furniture is all substantial and excellent—"

"Wish mine was!" interjected Peregrine Post, rubbing the palms of his fingerless gloves together briskly.

"And I do not propose to part with it. So I wish you a very good morning."

"No offense, I hope," said Peregrine Post.

"Good morning," I repeated, frigidly —and just then my clerk came in to tell me that the cartman was waiting outside for orders as to the moving ceremonial of the morrow.

I went home after business hours and told my wife about it.

"I am sorry, Jacob," said she, a slight shadow coming over her face.

"'*Sorry!*'" I echoed.

"Because, dear, there's plenty of little odds and ends we could have spared just as well as not," said my wife. "Furniture does accumulate so when one has been keeping house a long time; and I do feel so sorry for that poor little Nelly Post, with her flock of babies!"

"I don't," I resolutely asserted. "As people make their bed, so they must lie on it. And I've no patience at all with Peregrine Post."

"He has had very bad luck through life, dear," pleaded my wife. "Your path has been in the sunshine; his has lain in the shadow. We ought not to be hard upon each other in this world, Jacob."

"That's all nonsense," said I, stoutly. But I won't deny that my conscience did prick and sting me a little when I looked around at my own piles of stuffed easy chairs, Brussels carpets and springy chintz lounges neatly packed for the morrow's transportation, and thought of poor Peregrine Post and his blue-eyed wife and the six little Posts, with their humble plea for a few sticks of cast off furniture.

The morrow came—the cruel first of May, with its raw winds, tornadoes of dust and the inevitable showers which come down as if by malice prepense just as the mattresses and the silken sofas are piled on the top of the load. I was compelled to be at my office, but my wife was to be at the new house to receive the furniture, while Bridget, our ancient and reliable housekeeper, dispatched it from the deserted domicile.

At one o'clock I contrived to escape from clients and parchments and hurried to 111 Smithson square—a fine, aristocratic neighborhood, with a green jewel of a park in its midst and a general air of genteel seclusion about it, which suited my idea of a location exactly.

Mrs. Jacob Goldleaf sat alone on a campstool in the middle of the large, empty parlors, a shawl wrapped around her shoulders and a mingled expression of weariness and anticipation in her face.

I looked around in surprise.

"Where's all the furniture, my dear?" said I.

"That is the question," said Mrs. Goldleaf. "Where *is* it?"

"Hasn't it come?"

"Of course it hasn't," said Mrs. Goldleaf, a little impatiently. "I should think you could see that for yourself."

"There's some screw loose in the arrangements," said I. "I'll hurry back to the old place and find out what it all means."

I did so at once. Bridget, with an old handkerchief tied around her head and a red shawl enveloping her, a la Boadicea, queen of the Britons, was just locking up the house.

"Sure, I was goin' 'round to me cousin's for a bite of somethin' to eat," said she. "The second load has gone, and the man won't be back in a hour or more."

"Bridget," said I, sepulchrally, "*where* has it gone?"

"To the new house, sure," said Bridget. "Where should it go?"

"Did you tell him where to drive?" I asked.

"Sure, he had a bit of a caird that you wrote yourself," said Bridget.

I tore my hair. Who ever heard of a load of furniture getting lost in the streets of the metropolis like a black-and-tan terrier or a barefooted baby?

"What on earth does this mean?" I demanded, apostrophizing the dismantled windows, the fireless grate, rather than any actual personality.

At that moment Mrs. Goldleaf came hurriedly in.

"I've left the new house with the real estate's agent's boy," said she. "I couldn't rest quietly without coming to see what all this could mean. Oh, Jacob, shall we be left without a pillow to lay our heads on this night?"

"If the worst comes to the worst, we can go to a hotel," suggested I. "But it's the most mysterious example of an unaccountable disappearance that ever I heard of."

Just then there came a loud ringing at the doorbell, and in tripped Cousin Peregrine Post's blue-eyed little wife.

"Dear, dear Cousin Jacob," she cried, running up to me in tears, "I *must* thank you with my own lips."

"Thank *me!* For what?" I demanded, wondering if trouble and impecuniosity and an overplus of babies had driven the little creature mad.

"I could hardly believe my own eyes," said she, breathlessly. "And I'm so sorry I called you a 'hardhearted flint' last night, when Peregrine came home and told me how coldly you had repulsed him. How was I to know that you were all the while meditating this delightful surprise?"

I turned to my wife.

"Speak to her, Alice," said I, in a whisper. "Do contrive somehow to sooth her. I'm very much afraid she's going insane."

Mrs. Goldleaf, who had always been partial to my Cousin Peregrine's wife, went up to her with outstretched hands.

"Tell me about it, dear," said she.

"Don't *you* know?" said Nelly. "Ah! he is so good! He never lets his left hand know what his right hand does. It's the way with all real philanthropists. It's the beautiful furniture, Mrs. Goldleaf—chairs, sofas, tables, hair mattresses, a lovely set of china, all packed in barrels, bureaus, engravings—oh! everything that you can possibly think of! Our little house is furnished completely. And oh! we did so need it!"

"Stop!" said I, huskily. "How did you know all these things came from me?"

"I asked the cartman," she said; "and he said Mr. Jacob Goldleaf, the lawyer, had sent him: and he showed me a card with 'No. 11 Smith street' written on it, in your own handwriting."

This, then, explained the mystery. In my angry preoccupation of the day before I had written the address of the house which my cousin Peregrine Post had told me he was about to move into, instead of my own.

My wife looked at me with sparkling eyes of love and admiration.

"Dear Jacob," said she, "I knew—I knew you could be noble and magnanimous when you chose."

"Oh, how—*how* can I ever thank you sufficiently?" sobbed Nelly, covering my hand with kisses.

I said nothing. What could I say? To this day the Posts believe that I had a spontaneous burst of generosity on that first day of May. But I had to explain matters to my wife, and I checked the career of the cartman at once.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Goldleaf. "We can buy new furniture. And your cousin, Peregrine Post, needs it so much, and Nelly was so grateful."

And that was all the consolation I had.—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

A CLEVER DOG'S TRICK.

How He Duped the Butcher and Swindled His Master.

A correspondent sends from Michigan a true story of a farmer's dog who has been found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretenses.

He is extremely fond of sausages, and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth.

Day after day he appeared at the butcher's shop, bringing his master's order, and by and by the butcher became careless about reading the document. Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more sausages than he had ordered.

The butcher was surprised, and the next time Lion came in with a slip of paper between his teeth he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigations showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for sausage he looked around for a piece of paper and trotted off to the butcher's.

The farmer is something out of pocket, but squares the account by boasting of his dog's intelligence.—N. Y. Journal.

Long-Lived Fish.

Crows are commonly said to live for one hundred years, and turtles are reported to have even longer life; but the greatest amount of longevity is possessed by fishes. A naturalist once said that as a fish has no maturity there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing constantly. He cited, in proof, a pike in Russia whose age is known to date back to the fifteenth century. In the Royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are hundreds of fish that were put in over one hundred and fifty years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

A Cure for Insomnia.

There's a young doctor up town who will have to improve his methods or he never will have patients enough to maintain him. A woman came in to see him only two days ago looking haggard and pale.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"I'm troubled with insomnia," she sighed. "What shall I do for it?"

"Sleep it off, madam; sleep it off," he advised, curtly, and asked her for two dollars.—Detroit Free Press.

—Justification—"But, Fritz, you have made a mistake in your spelling. You must write 'Vater' with only one 't.'" "I don't see why *vater* shouldn't have as many t's as *mutter*."—Fliegende Blatter.

OIL AND GAS LINES.

Description of Their Materials and Construction.

Piping Natural Gas to Chicago—Cost of the Right of Way for the Pipe Line —Indiana's Protest Against the Enterprise.

[Special Correspondence.]

A gas and oil company leased thousands of acres of the richest natural gas lands in Indiana, and prepared to provide Chicago with natural gas. The right-of-way, one rod wide, was obtained for the 126 miles of field and forest, swamp and pasture, highways and streets, at an average cost of twenty cents per linear rod. Up to last October considerable work had been done upon this Chicago natural gas pipe line. Probably over $230,000 had been spent to that date. The project's backers are in the Standard Oil Company, the most monstrous octopus in American financial circles. The Indiana Natural Gas and Oil Company was allowed to issue stock for $2,000,000. It executed a mortgage for 5,000 gold bonds, each bond of the denomination of $1,000.

Gas wells were bored as fast as possible in six counties of Indiana. The main line starts from near Kokomo, and runs in a northwestern direction across eight counties in Indiana. Pumping stations are located at the beginning, Greentown, and about one-third of the distance from each end, near Winamac and at Deep River. Several boilers, each of 100-horse power, furnish power for the large air pumps. These pumps are remarkable specimens of machinery, and can also be used for pumping the gas. One of the largest air pumps in America is at Deep River, Ind.

The main line is double. That would require over 70,000 eight-inch iron pipes, and feeders and branches would

DITCHING ON A PIPE LINE.

require many more pipes. Contracts for pipes and other material were very quietly made, to obtain the lowest possible prices. Enormous transportation was contracted for with railways. For example, at only one depot on the Chicago & Grand Trunk railway nearly 100 car loads of material were received, including 77,000 feet of pipes. These pipes are fifty-five to the car-load; five make a wagon-load. Their average length is eighteen feet, and average weight 575 pounds. They are a quarter of an inch thick, and have screw threads and collars at each end. They are wrought iron, rolled and welded at the mills; also tested there to a half-ton pressure on each square inch.

When the pipes have been hauled to the line the tongmen take them. These are highly-skilled laborers. Men clean brush, weeds, grass, etc., from the line. Another small squad of men roll the pipes into lines. A man with a scrub-brush and sharp-pointed iron removes dirt from the screw-threads on the ends of the pipes. A man paints the screw-threads with pure asphaltum. Brawny men raise the pipe, until it, like the preceding joint of pipe, is upheld by jacks and blocks of wood. These "stabbers," with others, adjust the ends of pipes, and they are screwed together. Two men, with hooks, steady the inner pipe. Twenty men grasp, with muscular hands, the outer pipe. A man strikes the collar with a hammer with a rude and rapid rhythm, whose "motive" resembles the "Heave-ho!" of sailors. When bare hands can screw the outer pipe no further five hooks are applied.

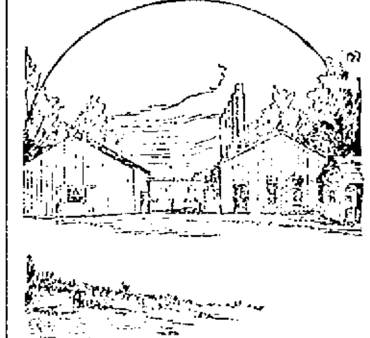
These are worked up and down. In a jaw of the hook is a small, square piece of steel to "bite" on the pipe. The sounds of the hammering and wrenching travel long distances in the pipes. The united joints are painted

PIPE LINE CROSSING DEEP RIVER, IND.

with asphaltum. Each gang spends about five minutes screwing one pipe, and they adjust about 125 a day, or about one-third of a mile. Because of the allowance for heat and cold the line of pipe is not straight. It resembles a black serpent writhing through fields and forests. The pipes are bent by jacks to follow the unevenness of the earth's surface. Through streams the pipes are inclosed in heavy iron castings. The pipe-joints are calked. The pumping stations test the pipes, then they are turned over to the trenchers. The pipes are lowered very carefully to the bottom of the ditch, then covered with earth three or four feet deep. According to the soil, the pipes will last from one to twenty-five or thirty years. They can be used for gas or oil. The petroleum pipe-lines are similar to the natural gas ones in regard to materials and construction.

The gas line workmen are employed six days a week, ten hours a day. Foremen receive $3 a day; assistant foremen and timekeepers, $2.50; tongmen, $2.25; trenchers, $1.75; water-carriers, $1.50; teamsters, with teams, $3. The company provides good meals for eighteen cents a meal. Pay day is every second Tuesday.

Where there are not hotels nor farmhouses to board and lodge the men, they board and lodge at the company's barracks. These buildings are five miles apart. They are huge, barn-like structures, framed and covered with plain, pine lumber. In a wing are the stoves, etc., where nearly everything is cooked, except bread and crackers: The cooking is first-class. In the main building four long, unplaned, unpainted, undraped pine tables, each hold twenty tin plates, cups and spoons. The knives and forks are common steel. The dishes are tin. Napkins are very scarce. How the dishes rattle! The waiters hurry. There is no ceremonious procedure. The plenty of substantial food soon vanishes. Long benches provide seats. The ends of the building are occupied with doors and windows. On the sides are four tiers of bunks, extending to the eaves. Bunk edges form

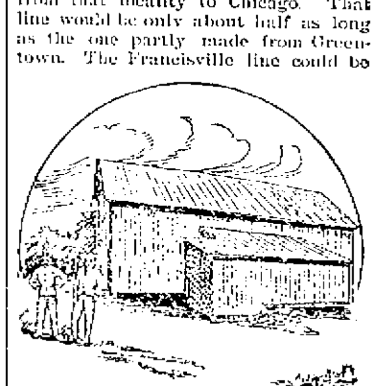


NATURAL GAS PUMPING STATION.

ladders. Each bunk, short and narrow, has a mattress and two pillows, all filled with straw. There are no sheets nor pillow cases. Two woolen blankets furnish covering. The building has other "inhabitants" than the laborers. Outdoors is an iron pump in a driven well. On a long bench are several dozen tin wash basins. Plenty of hard soap is furnished. Long, wide, dirty towels dry on the fence or bushes. Private combs are few. Most heads and beards are unkempt. When away from the camp the men's dinners are hauled to them in large baskets or tin pails. On Sundays the men make camp fires under huge iron kettles and heat water. The company furnishes soap, tubs, and wringers for the men to wash their shirts, etc. Although some of the men are sober, steady and honest, a number of them are ruffians of the worst kinds. Saloons coin money around the pipe line. For a night or two after each pay day the barracks are scenes of wild orgies of drinking and gambling.

Numerous towns in Indiana have spent large sums boring and drilling for natural gas. Crown Point, as a result of such a search, has one of the deepest holes on the globe. It is considered probable that gas will be found in paying quantities in Lake and Porter counties, within forty and fifty miles of Chicago. If such a result should be accomplished, Chicago could be very cheaply supplied with natural gas. The natural gas could be sold for twenty-five cents per thousand feet and yield an enormous profit.

Around Francisville, in Indiana, are numerous flowing gas wells. Chicago capitalists are talking of piping gas from that locality to Chicago. That line would be only about half as long as the one partly made from Greentown. The Francisville line could be



PIPE LINE BOARDING HOUSE.

much cheaper constructed and would be easier operated than the former. A pipe-line, fourteen miles long, at Lebanon, Ind., cost $110,000. Some persons think that the supply of natural gas will be soon exhausted; others, that it cannot be pumped long distances. A well at Francisville has flowed over a year and has increased in pressure ten pounds to the square inch, or to 247 pounds each square inch. Some persons claim that natural gas cannot be piped as far as Chicago. That remains to be demonstrated. Unlimited capital says it can, or will be.

Indiana thought it needed its own gas, so the legislature last winter passed a law forbidding the pumping of natural gas out of that state. This law has just been decided unconstitutional, on the grounds of interference: (1.) With interstate commerce, which can only be regulated by congress; (2.) With vested property rights, as private property cannot be disposed of by the public without sufficient reason. This decision of a circuit court has been appealed to the supreme court. If that tribunal sustains the lower court the natural gas company will at once proceed to complete its partially constructed lines to enable the world's fair city to soon dispense with most of its smoking nuisances.

GEORGE OBSTED.

Very Strange, Indeed.

Gilbooley—What o'clock is it, Charlie?

Charlie Bondelipper—It is just ten.

Gilbooly—What a singular coincidence! I was just going to ask you for ten dollars.—Texas Siftings.

Two Valid Objections.

"Let us get married at once," said Chipper.

"Why so soon?" asked Ethel.

"I can't stand the expenses of an engagement," returned Chipper. "Besides, it keeps me out late."—Jury.

A Superfluous Question.

Mrs. Peterby—What is your husband doing now?

Mrs. Ironjaw—What is he doing? Nothing, except what I give him permission to do.—Texas Siftings.

At the Station.

Dude (entering restaurant hurriedly) —Aw, I say, can a man get a dwink here?

Barkeeper (dryly)—Yes; where's the man?—Life.

Marry Him Off.

"Say, doctor, your son is very fast; he needs to be curbed."

Doctor—Yes; I intend to bridal him. —Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Modified Views.

Mr. Nocaste (hotly)—It's a shame, an outrage, a menace to American institutions, for one man to have a million dollars. Think of the harm he can do with it. Think of the power he wields.

Mr. Fortymillion—That's so. I guess I'll have to change my will. Having no relatives, I had concluded to divide my wealth among my friends and acquaintances, and as I left you a million—

Mr. Nocaste—Um—er—a good deal depends on the man, you know.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Way of the Paragrapher.

She—Why so silent and preoccupied, Mr. Gagges?

He—The theme that agitates my brain, Miss Thurston, refuses to crystalize. If I can make the correct turn in a play upon your name, there is seventy-five cents in it for me. How would something about hungering and Thurston for your society do?—West Shore.

At Her Feet.

Maiden Lady—I think I will visit a chiropodist while I am in the city.

Friend—Have you corns?

"No."

"Bunions?"

"No."

"Why, then, visit a chiropodist?"

"I want to have it to say that I had a man at my feet once in my life."—Light.

Advantages of the Past.

First Student (at classical school)—I say, George, what a wonderful race those old Greeks were. Think of their triumphs in art, architecture, philosophy, literature—

Second—Huh! Nothing remarkable about that. They didn't have to spend the best years of their lives learning Greek.—Good News.

The Shad Season.

Waiter—I expect you to pay in advance.

Guest—What do you mean, sir!

Waiter—No offense, sir, whatever; but the last gentleman who ate shad here got a bone in his throat and died without paying, and the boss took it out of my wages.—Texas Siftings.

An Unkind Remark.

Mrs. Peterby—Jones' wife ran away last night.

Mr. Peterby—Did she, really?

Mrs. Peterby—Suppose I ran away from you, what would your friends say?

Mr. Peterby—Humph! I guess they would ask me to set up the wine.—Texas Siftings.

A Knowing Young Woman.

He (ardently)—I love you.

She (complacently)—I know it.

He—I cannot live without you.

She—I know it.

He—I want you to be my wife.

She—I know it.

He—Well?

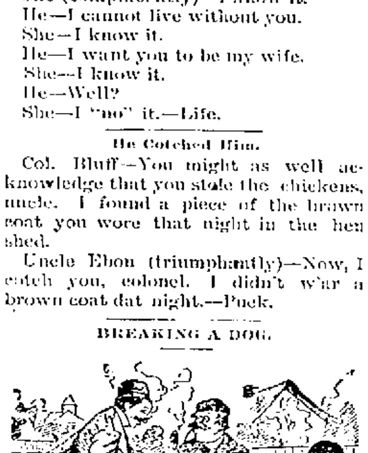
She—I "no" it.—Life.

He Cotched Him.

Col. Bluff—You might as well acknowledge that you stole the chickens, uncle. I found a piece of the brown coat you wore that night in the hen shed.

Uncle Ebon (triumphantly)—Now, I cotch you, colonel. I didn't w'ar a brown coat dat night.—Puck.

BREAKING A DOG.



Smith—Well, Hans, why in the world have you got that balloon tied to your dog's tail?

Hans—He vos got a bad habit ofe keebin' he's tail mit he's legs between, nut I preak him ofe dat bad habit, ain'd it?—Puck.

The Power of Beauty.

Robby—There's a new boy moved in around the corner.

Father (facetiously)—Have you licked him yet?

Robby—Nop.

Father—Is he too big for you?

Robby—N-o; but he's got a pretty sister.—Jury.

An Irreverent Youth.

Moneybags, Sr.—My son, if you continue your dissipated life you will bring down my gray hairs to the grave.

Moneybags, Jr.—Come, now, father, you've been bald too long to talk like that.—West Shore.

One View of It.

"Is the tattooed man a great man, papa?" asked Willie.

"Not necessarily," replied his father.

"Why?"

"I supposed he must be to have so many decorations conferred on him."—Munsey's Weekly.

It Wouldn't Hurt It.

Great Man (angrily)—So you want my autograph, eh? I'm getting pretty tired of this thing, and have got to put a check to it.

Borem—Oh, well, sir, I'd just as lief have your name on a check.—West Shore.

Getting Back on Him.

Mr. Golden Rool—If King Umberto provokes this country too far, Uncle Sam can take a terrible revenge.

"In what way?"

Mr. Golden Rool—By sending all his subjects back to Italy.—Puck.

How He Proposed.

Mr. Slowboy—Miss Passe, what do you think is the best name for a girl?

Miss Passe (looking deep into his eyes) —That of the only man she ever loved. —Light.

Gloves and Gloves.

Spartacus—Do you ever put on the gloves?

Adolphus—Oh, yes. Every time a girl will let me.—Munsey's Weekly.

Glad of It.

Englishman (with pride)—Sir, I am an Englishman.

American (with feeling) — Thank Heaven!—Harper's Bazar.

By a Good Sight.

There would be fewer cases of love at first sight if more people were gifted with second sight.—Puck.

Short But to the Point.

He—I think you love me. Am I right?

She—No; you are left.—Jury.

It Was Worth More.

Theodore de Banville always refused to stand as candidate for the Academy. One evening Francois Coppee, who had just been elected academician, undertook to rally the poet:

"Now, really, Banville, you will never be one of us?"

"Never, my dear fellow. What is the use?"

"But supposing somebody were to present you your certificate of election ready-made—on a platter of silver?"

Banville (meditatively)—I should take the platter.—Paris Figaro.

Holding Him Down.

They were looking into the window of a crockery store, when the old man observed:

"Mary, there's some mighty fine spit boxes for only sixteen cents. We never had one, and I guess we'll invest."

"I guess we won't! They're too high."

"Only sixteen cents."

"Yes, but when you get too good to spit on a rag carpet which cost me forty-two cents a yard you can put your head out of the window or go to the door."—Detroit Free Press.

His Motives Differently Viewed.

Designing Mamma—Father, it looks as if there is going to be a match between our Emma and the precious stone importer. See! I believe he's about to kiss her hand.

Practical Father (himself a diamond dealer)—Nonsense! He's studying the gems in her bracelet.—Jeweler's Weekly.

SHE BOARDED A STREET CAR.

—Harper's Bazar.

She Was Out.

"Johnny, is your sister at home?" said the young man at the front door. "Wait till I light the gas—or, hold on—is your hair sandy?" "Why, no," replied the abashed youth. "Have you got a mustache that curls up at the ends?" "No, no. I don't wear a mustache at all." "Hum. Have you got a large seal ring on the fourth finger of your left hand?" "No, I haven't." "Then," said Johnny, confidently, "she ain't at home." and he shut the door without further to do.—Washington Post.

It Wins Every Time.

Mrs. Jones—My dear Mrs. Smith, how do you manage to keep your servants? Mine are forever leaving me in the lurch.

Mrs. Smith—It's all in the management of them. I always address my cook-lady as Miss Hoolihan, and ask her every morning if she has any directions to give me.—Chicago Times.

The Passing of Borurich.

Returned Tourist—What has become of Borurich? He was a prince of good fellows. Everybody liked him. So genial and generous.

Resident—Oh, he's got to be a regular nuisance. Here he comes now. Let's dodge into an alley-way.

Tourist—Spent all his money, eh?—N. Y. Weekly.

Danger of Agreeing.

Clara—That handsome stranger appears to have taken quite a shine to you, Maud.

Maud—Y-e-s, I can't imagine why.

Clara—Nor I.

Maud—I'll never speak to you again, so there.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Taking Any Chances.

Clerk—A pair of our $3.00 shoes; yes, sir. Will you have the heavy or the light weight, sir?

Eminent Thespian—Let me see—we open in Frostville Monday night; you may show me a pair of the heavy weight, please.—Puck.

One of the Mysteries.

Maud—What do you think of Irene?

Laura—I detest her. And she hates me like poison.

"Then why do you and she always kiss when you meet?"

"Heaven only knows." — Chicago Tribune.

Knew a Better Plan.

Kenneth—Miss Maud! Maud! Will you gwant me that gweat happiness? Will you be mine?

Maud—You may ask papa.

Kenneth—I shahn't. I shall ask mamma. Papa nevah lets me do anything.—Puck.

Catering to Hubbites.

Cultured Boston Miss (victim of the latest fad)—Waiter, you may bring me some bird's-nest soup and shark's fin.

Intelligent Waiter—We doesn't hab 'em, missy; but we's got some s'perlative pork an' beans.—N. Y. Weekly.

Over in Boston.

Bridget—Was the master off on a bust last night?

Her Mistress—He was off on a burst, Bridget. I wish you would be more careful of your English. It is the only thing that annoys me. — Munsey's Weekly.

A Misapprehension.

"I hear Johnny Hicks, the son of the novelist, threw a ruler at his teacher."

"Yes. Johnny overheard the teacher telling some one that Mr. Hicks was the greatest story teller he knew and Johnny got mad."—Munsey's Weekly.

Matrimonial Item.

Parson Smith—You have been married more than thirty years, and now I hear you are applying for a divorce.

Venerable Parishioner—Yes, parson; but remember "better late than never." —Texas Siftings.

De Mortuis Nihil Nisi Bonum.

Necrologist—What is there to say about old Dornale; he was in the legislature for a time, wasn't he?

Editor—Yes; but there is no use hurting the family's feelings!—Puck

It Made Him Mad.

"What is Faber swearing so energetically about?"

"He's cross because his article on 'The Evils of Profanity' was crowded out."—Judge.

An Honest Tradesman.

Customer—What's the difference between these woolen undershirts?

Dealer—One is half cotton, and the other is whole cotton.—N. Y. W[eekly].

Hunting Bears in India.

Gen. E. F. Burton describes a novel method of catching bears practiced by the native hunters of India. Four or five sturdy men are armed, two with long spears, cross-barred on the handles close to the sharp two-edged blades, and two or three with ten-foot bamboos, of which the ends are smeared with bird-lime. Thus equipped and leading several powerful dogs, the hunters sally out an hour or so before dawn, and pass along the base of the hills with the fresh morning wind blowing up from the plains below. If the hunters have luck, it is not long before the fierce dogs wind the bear; and though dogs of this species hunt as silent as death, their straining on the lash informs their masters that the shaggy game is nigh. The dogs are slipped and disappear in the darkness, and soon the roaring and growling show that they have found the game. The hunters run up to the spot where the bear is fighting with the dogs. The men with limed poles poke the bear in the ribs, and adroitly twist the ends in its long hair, thus holding it fast on either flank, and the spearmen complete the tragedy by repeated spear-thrusts. It is said that a party of experienced men with good dogs never fail to secure the bear in this way.—Youth's Companion.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed —I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference April 25, '90.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

An Historical Landmark to Become a Power House.

The Stable Where Booth Obtained the Horse Which Carried Him Out of Washington—Reminiscences of Lincoln's Assassination.

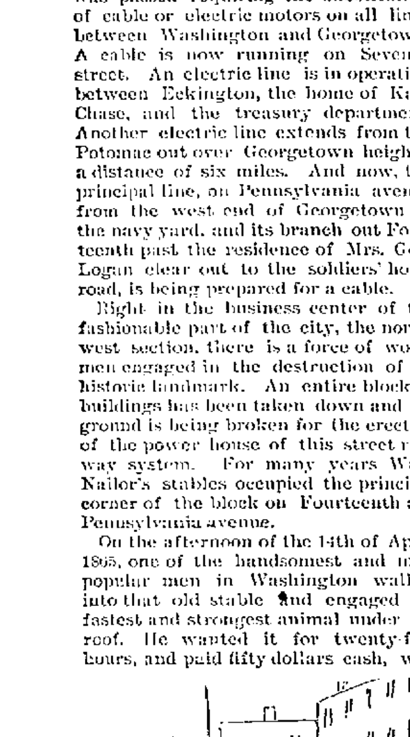
[Special Washington Correspondence.]

Sleepy old Washington is developing into a thriving city of metropolitan proportions. During all the years before the civil war the national capital was a slow-going and slow-growing village; and, indeed, no innate strength was discovered until several years after the great internecine struggle. The soldier president, Grant, determined to make a city here, and delegated almost plenary power to Alexander R. Shepherd, the chairman of the board of public works. Under his aggressive management streets were opened, avenues paved, public reservations beautified, old landmarks destroyed, bridges built, and culverts arched and covered with concreted pavements. The parks were cleared of private business houses, market houses were torn down and carted away before the eyes of the squatters who had preempted them, waste places were reclaimed, trees planted, and everything done for the completion of the plans of the original founders of the city. No man was ever more hated than Alex Shepherd, for the unenterprising people considered him a monster, a tyrant, a czar, who rode roughshod over all opposition. Appeals to the president were disregarded. Gen. Grant was firm and inexorable; his agent as implacable as fate. Taxes upon individual property were assessed to pay the cost of improvements, and the sleepy old property owners believed themselves to have been bankrupted. But within a few years the value of real estate was visibly enhanced. Capital came here to remain. Beautiful private residences were erected by wealthy men who saw and foresaw the glories of the city which had at last commenced to assume national proportions. Four years ago, the very people who had execrated Alexander Shepherd welcomed him to Washington with glad acclaim as their best friend, the author and finisher of their wealth and permanent prosperity.

The street car lines have been the last to acknowledge the march of improvement. They have clung to the dear old horses, and maintained their bobtail cars as long as possible. But during the Fifty-first congress a law was passed requiring the substitution of cable or electric motors on all lines between Washington and Georgetown. A cable is now running on Seventh street. An electric line is in operation between Eckington, the home of Kate Chase, and the treasury department. Another electric line extends from the Potomac out over Georgetown heights, a distance of six miles. And now, the principal line, on Pennsylvania avenue from the west end of Georgetown to the navy yard, and its branch out Fourteenth past the residence of Mrs. Gen. Logan clear out to the soldiers' home road, is being prepared for a cable.

Right in the business center of the fashionable part of the city, the northwest section, there is a force of workmen engaged in the destruction of an historic landmark. An entire block of buildings has been taken down and the ground is being broken for the erection of the power house of this street railway system. For many years Wash Nailor's stables occupied the principal corner of the block on Fourteenth and Pennsylvania avenue.

On the afternoon of the 14th of April, 1865, one of the handsomest and most popular men in Washington walked into that old stable and engaged the fastest and strongest animal under the roof. He wanted it for twenty-four hours, and paid fifty dollars cash, with



BOOTH'S ESCAPE FROM FORD'S THEATER.

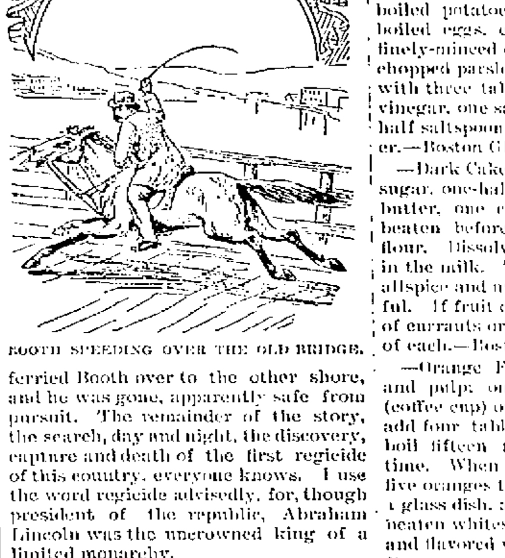
the stipulation that a negro attendant should be ready at a moment's notice to bring the horse to a certain point, to be designated afterwards. Nobody knew and nobody cared to question to what use the accomplished actor, the idol of the amusement loving public, intended to put the horse. It might be an elopement, for he was admired by all of the fair sex; or, it might be a midnight revel which was contemplated. It made no difference, because John Wilkes Booth could have whatever he wanted, and he paid fifty dollars for the use and safe return of the best animal in the city. At eight o'clock that night a messenger boy came with a note, and the horse was sent to Ford's theater in charge of a reliable colored man. At the door of the theater stood the actor, and he ordered the man to take the horse around the alley to the rear door of the theater, and remain there until Mr. Booth should arrive. The play proceeded in the presence of a brilliant audience. In one of the boxes sat the president, Abraham Lincoln, with his wife, Maj. Rathbone and other guests. It was nearly ten o'clock when the colored man heard a pistol shot, very faintly, then a murmur, then an altercation and a blow just inside of the door. A man fell, the door was opened, John Wilkes Booth hopped out on one leg, told the man he was injured and to help him in the saddle. It was done in a moment, and John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, with one leg broken, but mounted on the best and fleetest horse in the best stable in Washington, went down that alley, out onto F street at a gallop and disappeared.

The war was over, but the armies were still on duty. Every avenue of approach to the city was well guarded. How could he escape? There were no telephones and no telegraph stations at convenient points. Booth sped down F to Ninth street, to Pennsylvania avenue. He passed the capitol, passed the navy yard, and went headlong down the road to the bridge across the eastern branch of the Potomac, leading to the insane asylum. The sentries shouted: "Who goes there?" but he went careering past them, calling in answer:

"I am Booth, and have killed the president."

The sentries thought that some officer, drunk and disorderly, was off on a madcap carousal, and did not even fire at the fleeing man. They did not for a moment believe that anyone had killed the president, or, if such a thing had occurred, they could not think that an assassin would so announce himself. But, ten minutes later, an orderly arrived and asked if anyone had passed the bridge. When informed of the episode, the orderly said: "The president has been shot, Secretary Seward has been fatally assaulted. But, the man who went by here must have been an accomplice, who wants to mislead us. It could not have been Booth."

Word was sent back to guard the long bridge and the aqueduct bridge at Georgetown, and look out for Booth. But it was too late; the assassin had escaped from the city. Ten miles down the river a boatman was stationed, who



BOOTH SPEEDING OVER THE OLD BRIDGE.

ferried Booth over to the other shore, and he was gone, apparently safe from pursuit. The remainder of the story, the search, day and night, the discovery, capture and death of the first regicide of this country, everyone knows. I use the word regicide advisedly, for, though president of the republic, Abraham Lincoln was the uncrowned king of a limited monarchy.

For twenty-five years the old stable was an object of curiosity on account of its historic association with that tremendous tragedy and national affliction. The shot of the assassin brought more woe upon the unfortunate section of the country which had been in rebellion than the loud mouthed columbiads which had so long besieged the confederate capital. It deprived the south of her best friend in an emergency when his wisdom, conservatism, charity and patriotism were most needed. They used to point out the very stall from which the horse was led, to go forth upon that successful mission for the escape of the greatest of modern criminals. For many years the colored man used to point out the route over which he led the animal, and he told, circumstantially, the occurrences of the evening. Twice, while he stood in front of the theater, Booth went into a saloon adjoining, where now a stove store thrives, and drank with his friends. He told stories, seemed hilarious and entertaining; yet, all the while was nerving himself to commit the crime.

Old Ford's theater has long been occupied by the offices of the surgeon general, and the records of the field and general hospitals are there kept and daily examined for evidences of wound and disease, to prove that claimants are entitled to pensions for services rendered during the war which so tragically closed. Now the old stable is no more. Upon its site there will be erected a ten-story building, which will adorn the avenue, and furnish a motor to hundreds of street cars. All is utilitarian. Time changes all things, obliterates landmarks and merges places and events into oblivion. It might be well for us all if in some manner there might be forever blotted from memory and official records all trace of the occurrence of that Good Friday night, which threw a pall over an entire nation. Out of the darkness, however, came the light of matchless eloquence. To an excited throng in New York city Congressman James A. Garfield exclaimed: "God reigns; and the government at Washington still lives." Poor Garfield! Fifteen years later he fell in the prime of life, and at the height of fame, in a similar manner, by the hand of an obscure man of unsound mind. One lesson alone is learned from these incidents: No man can kill a president and escape the hand of justice.

SMITH D. FRY.

Great Men and Little Folks.

Charles Dickens expressed a true affection for children when he said: "I love these little people, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us." Thackeray used to feel his eyes grow dim when they gazed on little children, and Sir Walter Scott loved to have them about him. Victor Hugo had a passion for infancy that led him continually to celebrate it in verse and prose. Two of the most beautiful of Charles Lamb's essays, "Dream Children" and the "Child Angel," bear reference to childhood. As for the poet Shelley, he believed that children bring with them revelations from the unseen world. An earlier poet, William Blake, has inaugurated the poetry of childhood as a distinct literary branch.

Equal to Emergencies.

First Little Girl—Let's play keepin house an' goin' callin', and dress all up in your mamma's best things.

Second Little Girl—Eversing of mamma's is locked up, 'cept two skirts wiz no bodies to 'em.

First Little Girl—Well, let's play goin' to a party.—Good News.

No Account Indeed.

Geawdge—What sort of a tailor is Shears?

Chawles (laconically)—No account.

Geawdge—Why, they tell me he makes beautiful clothes.

Chawles—Yes. But he's no account. You have to pay for them.—Munsey's Weekly.

He Could Not Say That It Was.

"Isn't this perfectly delightful?" she asked, as they sat on the sofa with their arms intertwined and the brilliantine on his mustache not very far from the crimson balm on her lips.

"Dorothy," he replied, "when I know that your mother is listening on the stairs, that your father is waiting in the vestibule with a cane, that the bulldog is loose in the front yard, and that your little brother is under the sofa, how can I say that it is delightful?"—Jury.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Paint stains on carpets, furniture or clothes, can be taken off by first greasing the spots, and then washing them off with chloroform.

—Chocolate Macaroons: Make frosting as for a cake, stir in two ounces of grated chocolate, drop on buttered paper, bake in a quick oven.—Housekeeper.

—Salt mackerel should be well washed in tepid water, the thin, black skin on the inside scraped out, the head and tail cut off, and the fish soaked skin side up over night in a large pan full of cold water.

—Boiled Leg of Lamb: Allow one hour and a half for five pounds; soak in warm water one hour, roll in a cloth and boil in salted water; serve garnished with a border of turnips, carrots and cauliflower; serve a parsley sauce also.—Boston Herald.

—A good plan for keeping butter cool and sweet in summer is to fill a box with sand to within an inch or two of the top; sink the butter jars in the sand, then thoroughly wet the sand with cold water. Cover the box air-tight. The box may be kept in the kitchen and used as a table.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Potato Salad: Take one pint cold boiled potatoes, cut in dice, two hard-boiled eggs, cut fine; one teaspoonful finely-minced onion, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, mixed together; dress with three tablespoonfuls oil, three of vinegar, one saltspoonful salt and one-half saltspoonful pepper, mixed together.—Boston Globe.

—Dark Cake: One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup molasses, one cup butter, one cup of milk, three eggs beaten before added, and four cups of flour. Dissolve one teaspoonful soda in the milk. Take of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg each one teaspoonful. If fruit cake is desired add one cup of currants or raisins, or one half cup of each.—Boston Budget.

—Orange Float: Two lemons, juice and pulp; one quart water, one cup (coffee cup) of sugar. When boiling hot add four tablespoons cornstarch. Let boil fifteen minutes, stirring all the time. When cold pour it over four or five oranges that have been sliced into a glass dish, and over the top place the beaten whites of three eggs, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.—Detroit Free Press.

Light Breakfast Bread: One quart of milk, three-fourths of a quart of flour, half a yeast cake, dissolved; heat one-third of the milk and scald with it half a pint of the flour and a dessert-spoonful of butter; when this batter becomes cool add the remainder of the yeast, half a tablespoonful of sugar and flour enough to make it quite stiff; knead it smooth and leave it to rise all night. This quantity will make two small loaves and a pan of small biscuit.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

—Stoves should be kept in a dry place when not in use. Stove-pipe flues and elbows must be well cared for, or they will rust out in a single season. If there is no dry place for them, they should be well rubbed over with tallow or other grease, which will do much to keep them in good condition. When stoves are taken down in the spring each should have all of its pieces put together, and those that are small enough placed inside of the stove; large pieces may be attached by a wire.

LONG COATS AND JACKETS.

Dressy Effects of the Latest French and English Garments.

Long closely-fitted coats that cover the wearer from neck to foot are popular for useful wear in the morning for shopping and traveling. They are double-breasted, with revers collar, and have usually the cross seams on the hips. Very light tan kersey is used for these coats, with stitched edges as their finish and large white pearl buttons. Other long coats of gray or tan checked cheviot have a deep English cape to complete them. Dressy French cloaks are full round garments of light cloth, with the yoke covered with lengthwise stripes of gold braid. The flaring collar is similiarly trimmed, and narrowly edged with feathers. A belt at the back is of the gold braid.

Bedford cords in gray, tan, and light green shades are used for spring jackets. They are of fashionable length, the back fitted, the fronts straight, with revers trimmed with gold braid in zigzag lines. Light tan coats of smooth cloth are in especial favor, and are made with silk sleeves studded with steel or silver. An applique trimming of light gold braid in bow-knot designs is on the low rolled collar of youthful and pretty jackets of dark-blue cloth; their only fastening is a gold cord with tasselled ends passed under the collar.

The ribbon wrap is a smart little cape for summer wear made entirely of lengthwise rows of black grosgrain ribbon alternating with open jet galloon. For middle-aged ladies are hand-embroidered black faille mantles, short in the back, with full high-shouldered sides and long mantilla fronts. Jet passementerie and Chantilly lace form the high collar and edge these mantles. For evening are mantles of white bengaline with jeweled trimming, and a flaring collar of white ostrich feathers. Short mantles of open black passementerie or of net-like crocheted work are studded with large jet cabochons.

Henri Deux capes of black or tan cloth studded with jet cabochons or bordered with graduated rows of cabochons are shown for tall and stately women. They are made very full, with high wired collar and revers, and have a high puff on each shoulder strapped with jet galloon. Plainer cloth capes without the cabochons have the strapped shoulder puffs, and lengthwise rows of jet on a yoke and flaring collar; the latter is edged narrowly with ostrich feather trimming. Similar capes suitable for those dressing in mourning are of lustreless black cloth, with dull black braid in stripes on the yoke and shoulder puffs, while the collar and fronts are edged with a braid that is finished to imitate the popular trimming of ostrich feathers.—Harper's Bazar.

—It is suggested by a traveler that a law should be passed requiring a safe to be placed in every Pullman palace car for the use of the occupants. A Pullman coach is nothing less than a traveling hotel, it is urged, and its guests should have the same opportunities for comfort and security that are afforded in any hotel. A traveler with valuables on his person can, under the present regime, resort to one of two alternatives. He can go to sleep and take his chances, or he can pay for his bed and lie awake all night guarding his treasure. The opportunities for theft on a Pullman are numerous, and thieves have very often taken advantage of them.

CONCEITED DECLAIMERS.

They Generally Capture the Crowd in Spite of Their Ignorance.

Volubility bears about the same relation to eloquence that soft-solder jewelry bears to ornaments of virgin gold. Still, what is vulgarly called "the gift of the gab" is not to be despised. A fluent ignoramus will often talk down a well-read man, whose tongue is but a stammering interpreter of his thoughts. It is said that a vulgar and ignorant member of a debating society somewhere in the backwoods of Kentucky once obtained a complete victory over a "gentleman and a scholar," who broke down in an attempt to define the meaning of the word "happiness." "Happiness," said the educated dummy, between whose mind and tongue there seemed to be no connection, "is—is—is—," but what it was his diffidence would not permit him to express, and he sat down, blushing and confused.

Thereupon a voluble backwoodsman, whose education had been neglected, but whose self-confidence was unlimited, "took the floor" and volunteered a definition. "Happiness, Mr. President," said he, "is like a sportive crow situated on some far distant mountain which the eager huntsman endeavors in vain, and to no purpose, to reproach. The happy man, Mr. President, reclines beneath the shadow of some far-spreading and umbrageous tree, and calling his wife and all her infant prodigy around him, bids their thoughts inspire to scenes beyond the skies—scenes, Mr. President, thick sot with those glorious orbs of the tournament which it was the lot of the immortal Newton fust to depreciate and arterwards to deplore."

The audience, if not instructed, was electrified, and—so the story goes—the "Thanks of the meeting" were voted to the speaker for his splendid effort.

There is a magic in rounded periods when sonorously delivered. It may be that they have neither force or pertinence; that in a hundred of them there is not as much argument as a man who weighs his words before he utters them could put into one short sentence; but the public ear is tickled, nevertheless, with their harmonious cadences, and it is only when subjected to the review of sober second thought that they lose their charm and sink to the level of mere declamatory clap-trap. Three-fourths of us, however, do not take the trouble to analyze the florid stuff that is talked at us by the spread-eagle speech-makers of the day, and hence men with a superfluity of words and few ideas sometimes live and die with the reputation of orators.—N. Y. Ledger.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

A Smart Peddler, But He Started in Wrong.

"Pipes?"

The peddler deftly opened his pack, took out a lot of wooden pipes with long, flexible stems, and laid them down on the table.

"I've got a full line," he said, "and you can't buy them cheaper anywhere. This one I'll sell you for thirty-five cents, and it's a beauty. If you don't like so long a stem here's one for a quarter that I'll warrant you can't duplicate in this town. Any flies on that one for twenty cents?

"It looks well enough, but——"

"If the twenty-cent pipe doesn't strike you just right how's this one for fifteen cents? I'll make you a present of it if you can get one like it for less than a quarter of a dollar anywhere in this country."

"I don't think— ... We...

"Got a ten-cen... ...rgain. ... they haven'... following described on 'em. ... I will sell at reasonable stem. ...s 11 and 12 in Block 12 for ten ...tion; Lot 3, in Block 6, out of ...tion; Lot 11, in Block 1, lar ... nd, Replat; House and lot ... on Thayer St, or will sell ...uses and lots on Stevens

L. HORR.

Jus...

Put...

thes...

$25 Reward.

as ... offer a reward of $25 in cash out ... who will notify Alonzo it. ...eriff of Oneida county, of

"I ...

"Be... ...outs of Louis Marseile, so known. ...eriff shall be able, from want a... ...tion, to arrest said Louis partner... that wi... ...ick set, low built man, Take a s... inches in height, sandy beard, fair skin, light

As he ... oratelу-fi... hair, high forehead, out on the ...

"Made ... saloons; he sings for he went o... ...es himself off as a car- "carved in ...

with solid ... can't duplic... three-dollar ... of the lot for ...

...NE TOUISSANT, Rhinelander, Wis

"See here— ...Creditors.

"Take your ...N. COUNTY COURT quarter." ...Y—IN PROBATE ...estate of J. M. Beals,

"I don't believ... ...hat the claims and

"Say, what kin... ...inst J. M. Beals, anyhow?" ...of Oneida, will be

"I don't want a... ...ted by the County man in the chair. ...gular term of said ...e office in Rhine-

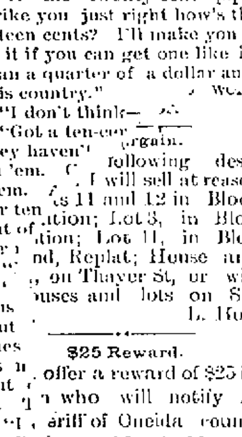
The peddler swe... ...st day of Decem- valise and walke... ...after date May word, but he slam... for creditors to most awfully profan... estate of said out.—Chicago Tribun... ...owance.

...rt. ...ounties.

—Father.—"James, ...ounty Judge. the candy in the box I ... that you could only hav... James.—"Well, I know ...D OFFICE couldn't help it. I've ... lieve there was another ... ing the day with me."—S... Co.'s Monthly.

...ing-nam... ...ntion to ...aim, and ...e Judge ...elander, ...Dion, H. ...SE[?] and ...Range 8 ...sea[?] to ...d calli... Robert ...ister.

BASE BA...



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FOR THE PROMPT, SURE CURE

Sprains, Bruises, Hurts,

Cuts, Wounds, Backache

RHEUMATISM,

ST. JACOBS OI...

HAS NO EQUAL.

In Wide Awake for June

Perhaps the most enjoyable thing is that story with the Edward Bellamy touch, "The Pursuit of Happiness," by Tudor Jenks—a quizzical look into the future for boys. A beautiful romance is contributed by Annie Bronson King, under the title, "This Way Went the Lady Mary to Paradise." A good old-time article, "A Vermont Boy's Trip to Boston in 1825," is from the pen of John L. Heaton of the Brooklyn Times. "Amanda Jinkum's Burdens," by Oliver Howard, has its serious lesson for eldest daughters. All the girls might take some tender teaching from sweet, bright, true Polly Pepper in Margaret Sidney's "Five Little Peppers Grown Up" serial, which has never been more interesting than in the present number. Quite a different little girl from Phronsie Pepper, but a charmingly quaint child, makes her curtesy to Wide Awake's readers in the new serial, "Miss Matilda Archambeau Van Dorn;" in the third serial, "Marietta's Good Times," we get delightful glimpses of the free open air life of Italian children. This serial is from the pen of an Italian woman recalling her childhood. Good things are as thick as roses in June; articles, beautiful illustrated poems; pictures, some fine, some funny; four pages of sparkling original anecdotes; "Tangles," and three pages of letters from the children crowd the number full.

Wide Awake is $2.40 a year, $1.20 a vol. (6 mos.); 20 cents a No. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Publishers.

No Fire Needed.

Woman (to tramp)—Want some thing to eat, eh? My fire is out, and I have no kindling to light it. Can't cook, or even warm things, without a fire, you known.

Tramp—No, mum.

"There is wood and a hatchet out in the shed."

"Yes, mum; I see it. Have you any pie?"

"I have mince and pumpkin."

"Pumpkin will do, mum. That's good cold."—Good News.

—Mrs. Jones—Now here, John Jones, what are you sitting here moping for? Jones—I'm feeling a little blue, Mary. You see, I got to thinking what a blow your first husband's death was to me.—

"A FOREGONE conclusion!" sighed the dog, as he dug a hole in the ground and buried the tail his master had cut off.—Traveler's Budget.

Thoroughbreds

Have "staying qualities." That is, competition does not discourage them. Foremost in the race for popular favor, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters took the lead and kept it. The people of America recognize it as the champion winner in all contests with those vicious nags, malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble. It always wins.

You can't tell how things will end—what begins as a little lark may become a great big bat.—Elmira Gazette.

PAIN from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

BE not deceived by the grease on the slide of folly; there are slivers under it.—N. Y. Herald.

FRESHNESS and purity are imparted to the complexion by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

TO A LANDSMAN it would seem that a cutter should be at home in a chopping sea.—Boston Courier.

FOR twenty-five cents you can get Carter's Little Liver Pills—the best liver regulator in the world. Don't forget this. One pill a dose.

PRIMA facie evidence demonstates that women are more expert colorists than men.—Boston Courier.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. ...other remedies fail. 25c.

...is on occupation only ex- ...ws.

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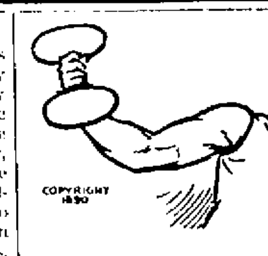

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But perhaps you won't believe it. Then there's another reason for trying it. Show that you can't be cured, and you'll get $500. It's a plain business offer. The makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will pay you that amount if they can't cure you. They know that they can—you think that they can't. If they're wrong, you get the cash. If you're wrong, you're rid of catarrh.

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For Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,

they *ACT LIKE MAGIC, Strengthening* the muscular *System*, restoring long-lost *Complexion*, bringing back the *keen edge of appetite*, and arousing with the *ROSEBUD OF HEALTH* the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. One of the best guarantees to the *Nervous and Debilitated* is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. *Sold by Druggists generally.* B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your druggist does not keep them) WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS on RECEIPT of PRICE, 25cts. A BOX. (MENTION THIS PAPER.)

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CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

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Covering his great trip To, Through, and From the Christ-Land. Illustrated with over 400 wonderful engravings, also a grand picture of Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, in 12 colors and ten feet in length. Exclusive territory. No capital needed. Write at once. Address,

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Brides of June

...d Helps about the Wedding ...he Reception, the Going ...see the

Rogers & Johnson Manufacturing

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The Leadnig Clothiers and Furnishers,

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN,

Can now show the People of Rhinelander the Finest Line of Gents' Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods, besides a full and Complete line of Boy's and Children's Clothing ever brought to the city Call and get prices before purchasing elsewhere. We are always ready to show our goods. Opera House Block,

ing office and party as a hospital for a few convalescent officers, whose wounds for the time incapacitated them for active service. His chamber faced the grounds of a handsome mansion, tenanted evidently by persons of position in society, for Charlie spent many a weary hour watching gay groups of ladies gathered on the broad verandah, or toiling with the needle on soldiers' supplies in the handsome rooms, the windows of which were almost always open.

He had been offered a parole, and had refused, a decision which did not lower him in the estimation of his generous captors.

And now the gayest season in all the year in the South was approaching, the Christmas holidays, and Charlie could see that his fair neighbors were making lavish preparation for the coming festivities.

Charlie happened to mention this to a young officer, who often lingered after a visit of inspection to chat with the prisoner.

"Bah! My dear fellow, it isn't only for the holidays they're decorating, but to-night that pretty girl in blue, leaning on the pillar yonder, is to be married by Bishop Polk. I allow they'll have a gallant fling, for President Davis himself has come to grace the festivities with his presence."

"It doesn't seem to me a time for much rejoicing," Fulton said, moodily.

"Never a better," was the gay reply. "McClellan whipped at Antietam, Sherman at a dead-lock before Vicksburg, Rosecrans on the eve of a retreat, and Nashville as good as ours again!"

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," Charlie ventured.

"But not when the cup is held by the firm hands of heroes," was the decided answer.

That night his friend was with him again, when the revelry was at its height. The evening, though in December, was mild, and in the crowded rooms of the mansion must have been almost sultry: at least it seemed so, for the blinds and windows were flung up to their utmost height, affording the two young men an uninterrupted view of the ball-room.

"See that tall, stately man lead forward those two pretty girls to dance—that is President Davis—that fine fellow in black is the bishop—but, Heavens, man, what is the matter? You're pale as death itself!"

"Look!" Charlie cried, clutching his neighbor's arm convulsively. "What is that they are dancing on—that thing—that carpet—what is it?"

"It is the Northern flag; my boy, the star and stripes, they are trampling under foot!" was the exultant boast.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRODIGAL SON RETURNS.

The Stone river is a slug-
bordered by cedar-bra... she, a
with muddy waters of her face.
country four med.

On the gar, there's plenty of banks and ends we could have men o'as well as not," said my Ross urniture does accumulate so ome has been keeping house a time: and I do feel so sorry for poor little Nelly Post, with her flock of babies!"

"I don't," I resolutely asserted. "As people make their bed, so they must lie on it. And I've no patience at all with Peregrine Post."

"He has had very bad luck through life, dear," pleaded my wife. "Your path has been in the sunshine: his has lain in the shadow. We ought not to be hard upon each other in this world, Jacob."

"That's all nonsense," said I, stoutly. But I won't deny that my conscience did prick and sting me a little when I looked around at my own piles of stuffed easy chairs. Brussels carpets and springy chintz lounges neatly packed for the morrow's transportation, and thought of poor Peregrine Post and his blue-eyed wife and the six little Posts, with their humble plea for a few sticks of cast off furniture.

The morrow came—the cruel first of May, with its raw winds, tornadoes of dust and the inevitable showers which come down as if by malice prepense just as the mattresses and the silken sofas are piled on the top of the load. I was compelled to be at my office, but my wife was to be at the new house to receive the furniture, while Bridget, our ancient and reliable housekeeper, dispatched it from the deserted domicile.

At one o'clock I contrived to escape from clients and parchments and hurried to 111 Smithson square—a fine, aristocratic neighborhood, with a green jewel of a park in its midst and a general air of genteel seclusion about it, which suited my idea of a location exactly.

Mrs. Jacob Goldleaf sat alone on a campstool in the middle of the large, empty parlors, a shawl wrapped around her shoulders and a mingled expression of weariness and anticipation in her face.

I looked around in surprise.

"Where's all the furniture, my dear?" said I.

"That is the question," said Mrs. Goldleaf. "Where *is* it?"

"Hasn't it come?"

"Of course it hasn't," said Mrs. Goldleaf, a little impatiently. "I should think you could see that for yourself."

"There's some screw loose in the arrangements," said I. "I'll hurry back to the old place and find out what it all means."

I did so at once. Bridget, with an old handkerchief tied around her head and a red shawl enveloping her, a la Road-

On this in vain the gallant Confederates advanced, only to fall back with broken ranks discomfited.

But now the men of Texas came with a rage that nothing seems to stay. In vain the shower of grape pours on that unflinching host. See Colonel Robinson, with the colors in his hands, dash through the abattis and spring upon the embankment, calling on his men to follow! Even his enemies can scarce forbear to cheer the daring feat, or sigh when they see the gallant figure thrown lifeless down. And now the muskets of the Fighting Fourth crash their leaden hail upon his men, burning to avenge his death; and, bleeding and torn, they fall back fighting to the very last.

Down pours the rain on the terrific carnage and the shattered Southern hosts fall back on Murfreesboro.

And where is Frank Besant all this while? Fighting at the head of his company during the heat of the fray you may be sure, but now sadly bending his steps to a clump of trees, under which a group of officers is gathered round a central prostrate figure, over which Doctor Saunders is stooping, while the rest anxiously await his decision.

"Not necessarily mortal," he says at last, with a sigh of relief.

The wounded man is borne tenderly to the field-hospital.

"Who is it? Who is it?" ask several, as the mournful cortege passes them.

"Colonel Fulton of the Fourth—shot through the lungs," is the sad answer.

But Frank and his comrades have another duty before them ere they can lay their weary bones to rest on that eventful night.

"Boys," the Major had cried, "there lies the body of Colonel Robinson. Shall it be said we left that gallant fellow's corpse upon the field without a soldier's funeral, or sign to mark the spot he fell?"

"No, no," came from a score of throats.

So they dug a grave and laid the hero in it—a touching incident, though his only requiem was a salute fired by the hands of his enemies. At the head of the grave they placed a rough board, with rudely-painted characters, which read:

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF
COLONEL ROBINSON,
WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF
STONE RIVER,
GLORIOUSLY LEADING THE
SECOND TEXAS REGIMENT
HE WAS BURIED BY
UNION SOLDIERS,
IN RECOGNITION OF HIS HEROISM."

Rude as the tablet was, ...ould I say?
neatly-rounded gra... ...lieve that I had
lantern light, Fr... ...st of generosity on
a grand mar... ...May. But I had to ex-
compari... ...sters to my wife, and I checked
to... career of the cartman at once.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Goldleaf. "We can buy new furniture. And your cousin, Peregrine Post, needs it so much, and Nelly was so grateful."

And that was all the consolation I had.—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

A CLEVER DOG'S TRICK.

How He Duped the Butcher and Swindled His Master.

A correspondent sends from Michigan a true story of a farmer's dog who has been found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretenses.

He is extremely fond of sausages, and has been taught by his owner to go after them for himself, carrying a written order in his mouth.

Day after day he appeared at the butcher's shop, bringing his master's order, and by and by the butcher became careless about reading the document. Finally, when settlement day came, the farmer complained that he was charged with more sausages than he had ordered.

The butcher was surprised, and the next time Lion came in with a slip of paper between his teeth he took the trouble to look at it. The paper was blank, and further investigations showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for sausage he looked around for a piece of paper and trotted off to the butcher's.

The farmer is something out of pocket, but squares the account by boasting of his dog's intelligence.—N. Y. Journal.

Long-Lived Fish.

Crows are commonly said to live for one hundred years, and turtles are reported to have even longer life; but the greatest amount of longevity is possessed by fishes. A naturalist once said that as a fish has no maturity there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing constantly. He cited, in proof, a pike in Russia whose age is known to date back to the fifteenth century. In the Royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are hundreds of fish that were put in over one hundred and fifty years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

A Cure for Insomnia.

There's a young doctor up town who will have to improve his methods or he never will have patients enough to maintain him. A woman came in to see him only two days ago looking haggard and pale.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"I'm troubled with insomnia," she sighed. "What shall I do for it?"

"Sleep it off, madam; sleep it off," he advised, curtly, and asked her for two dollars.—Detroit Free Press.

—Justification.—"But, Fritz, you have made a mistake in your spelling. You must write 'Vater' with only one 't.'" "I don't see why *vater* shouldn't have as many t's as *mutter*."—Fliegende Blatter.

is wounded, the command of the regiment devolves on me for the time being, and, considering the responsibilities of my position, I do not for the life of me see how, if you brought him back, knowing what I do know, I have any other alternative than to place him under arrest and court-martial him."

"Oh, sir, surely you would not proceed to such extreme measures!"

"I am afraid I should, Frank, and, if I did, it would go far to kill his poor father, who now lies in a very critical condition. I guess we had better let this young fellow paddle his own canoe for a time—a dose of Libby prison will go a long way to ameliorate his high-flown sentiments on Southern chivalry."

"That is not spoken like Major Hopkins."

"Nor is it spoken by Major Hopkins, but by the acting-Colonel of a regiment, whose fair fame shall never be stained while I command. If my own dead son were here alive to-day, and he had done what Charles Fulton has, I would order him under arrest without an instant's hesitation."

Frank was awed to silence by the Major's earnestness.

"You see, Besant," the older man continued, "I am in possession of facts concerning which you know nothing."

A spark of intelligence flashed in Frank's brain.

"And your informant, sir, was James Lawson?" he asked eagerly.

"If so, what then?"

"Only, sir, that you are condemning a man of honor on the word of as base a scoundrel as ever lied to forward his miserable ends," was the hot reply.

"That may be, but even an inveterate liar may speak the truth, if it suits his purpose."

"Granted, Major; but are you quite sure that the truth did suit his purpose in this instance?"

For reply the Major took from his pocket-book a torn piece of paper, on which was some writing in pencil, and handed it to his subordinate, with the remark:

"I am committing no breach of confidence in showing you this. Do you recognize the hand that penned this treacherous scrawl?"

Frank read the lines eagerly; they contained a brief but succinct description of Buell's position at Nashville, were addressed to Miss Lascelles, and were signed, "your devoted friend, C. F."

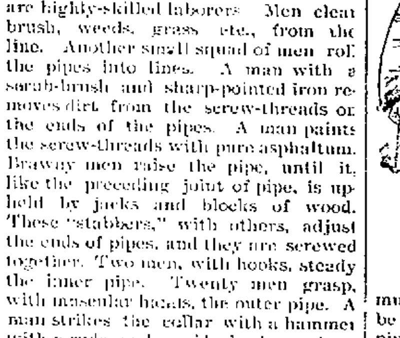
Frank's eyes blazed with triumph.

"Do I recognize the hand-writing, Major?" he cried excitedly. "Indeed, I do! I see James Lawson's ear-marks on every up-stroke and down-stroke of this villainous composition. Why, the pitiful rascal has not even taken the trouble to disguise the characters."

"You are sure of this?"

"Well, you shall judge for yourself, sir," Frank declared, taking a letter from his pocket which contained inclosure. "Here is a ...ed have
wrote to a lady frie... ...at each end.
tonburg ... ...iron, rolled and
coun... ...e mills; also tested there to
... pressure on each square inch.
...hen the pipes have been hauled to the line the tongmen take them. These are highly-skilled laborers. Men clean brush, weeds, grass, etc., from the line. Another small squad of men roll the pipes into lines. A man with a scrub-brush and sharp-pointed iron removes dirt from the screw-threads on the ends of the pipes. A man paints the screw-threads with pure asphaltum. Brawny men raise the pipe, until it, like the preceding joint of pipe, is upheld by jacks and blocks of wood. These "stabbers," with others, adjust the ends of pipes, and they are screwed together. Two men, with hooks, steady the inner pipe. Twenty men grasp, with muscular hands, the outer pipe. A man strikes the collar with a hammer with a rude and rapid rhythm, whose "motive" resembles the "Heave-ho!" of sailors. When bare hands can screw the outer pipe no further five hooks are applied.

These are worked up and down. In a jaw of the hook is a small, square piece of steel to "bite" on the pipe. The sounds of the hammering and wrenching travel long distances in the pipes. The united joints are painted



PIPE LINE CROSSING DEEP RIVER, IND.

with asphaltum. Each gang spends about five minutes screwing one pipe, and they adjust about 125 a day, or about one-third of a mile. Because of the allowance for heat and cold the line of pipe is not straight. It resembles a black serpent writhing through fields and forests. The pipes are bent by jacks to follow the unevenness of the earth's surface. Through streams the pipes are inclosed in heavy iron castings. The pipe-joints are calked. The pumping stations test the pipes, then they are turned over to the trenchers. The pipes are lowered very carefully to the bottom of the ditch, then covered with earth three or four feet deep. According to the soil, the pipes will last from one to twenty-five or thirty years. They can be used for gas or oil. The petroleum pipe-lines are similar to the natural gas ones in regard to materials and construction.

The gas line workmen are employed six days a week, ten hours a day. Foremen receive $3 a day; assistant foremen and timekeepers, $2.50; tongmen, $2.25; trenchers, $1.75; water-carriers, $1.50; teamsters, with teams, $3. The company provides good meals for eighteen cents a meal. Pay day is every second Tuesday.

breathless anxiety, there was no sound without save the moan of the wind and the fierce pattering of the sleety rain.

But what is that? The hoarse challenge of the sentry, followed by a groan—and all is still again. The revelers below had never even heard the sound, for their oaths and shouts were louder than ever. Then the crash of wood, and stamping and scuffling, and again the painful silence. He rushed to the door and beat upon it with his naked hand, fearful that after all they might not find him.

"Charlie!"

"Frank!"

The lock fell shattered by a blow, the door swung open, and with hysteric joy Fulton clasped the hand of his deliverer.

"Quick, my boy," Besant cried. "One fellow got away and will give the alarm. It will be all we can do to get back to camp with whole skins to-night."

They were not a bit too soon, for as they reached the opposite bank of the river they heard the clatter of galloping horses on the Murfreesboro road.

"Are any of our fellows injured?" Charlie asked, anxiously.

"Not a scratch. We just bowled them over like nine-pins," was the gay reply.

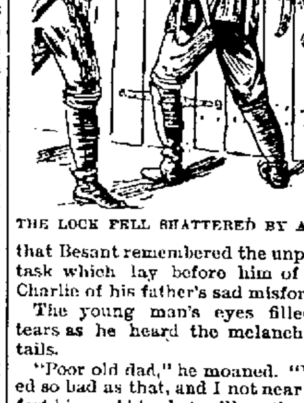
It was not till they had reached a place of safety and the sound of their pursuers had died away in the distance

THE LOCK FELL SHATTERED BY A BLOW.

that Besant remembered the unpleasant task which lay before him of telling Charlie of his father's sad misfortune.

The young man's eyes filled with tears as he heard the melancholy details.

"Poor old dad," he moaned. "Wounded so bad as that, and I not near to comfort him. Ah! what will mother say, I wonder, when she hears that I was away from him in his hour of need? Awayt m- (God! and on such an er-
randi locality .
...e would be only abot need know—and if
as the one partly madge of your safe re-
town. The Francisville line fault of your
...do not look
light that



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...ly intense-
...clared.

PIPE LINE BOARDING HOUS...aragon of a
much cheaper constructed an' Well, per-
be easier operated than the fe' row and have
pipe-line, fourteen miles long, ...ght; for you
anon, Ind., cost $110,000. S... m. He is in
sons think that the supply ... y."
gas will be soon exhausted; & ... when?"
it cannot be pumped long di... l in action."
well at Francisville has flo-
year and has increased in
pounds to the square inc...ed on in silence;
pounds each square inc... the Major's tent,
sons claim that natural ..., my father know
piped as far as Chicago. that night?"
to be demonstrated ... is only shared be-
says it can, or will be. and myself—unless
Indiana thought it ...wson as one of us;
gas, so the legislat... he power of revela-
passed a law forbiddi-
natural gas out of th...
has just been decide... he enemy."
on the grounds of in... rel!" Then, after a
interstate commer... ank; I do believe you
regulated by congr... earted fellow that ever
property rights, as ... h of life."
not be disposed of ... jor?"
out sufficient re... if it will set your honest
a circuit court ... I will make a clean breast
supreme court. ...ns to him this very night."
the lower court that pleasing assurance the
ny will at once ... parted.
partially const... as the doctors declared that
the world's fai... o hopes of Colonel Fulton
with most of i... able to assume the command
...ing regiment, even if he es-
...th his life, Hopkins was in-
...ers Colonel, to the satisfaction of
Gillhooley—n in the ranks; for they had
lie? ...ned to love the quiet, gentle-
Charlie Rotan, who never flinched from
Gilhooly ...and had such a keen sense of
dence! I w...
ten dollars. who is going to be Major? was
T... stion at the bivouac.
...bet even on Besant against the
"Let us ... cried Jack Gregory.
Chipper, ...t there were no takers.
"Why

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

"I can...
gageme...
sides, i... Major Besant, let me congratulate
... There is not a man in the regi-
...t who does not hail your promotion
Mrs. ...h pleasure, to say nothing of my-
doing n... who have gained a step by your
Mrs. ...d luck," cried the jovial Gregory,
Nothin...asping Frank's hand with an en-
missio...siastic energy that made him wince.
'But, what do you mean—are you
Dud...zy, Jack?" was the astonished de-
—Aw, ...ind.
here? "Sane as a bench of judges! The
Ba...ys would hear of no man's name but
man...ours for the vacant post, and I'm glad
...say for once the popular cry was for
...e right man in the right place, and
"Sa...u are second-in-command of the
need...ighting Fourth. Won't that be
De...crumptious news to write and tell your
—L...weetheart?"

"It would, indeed, if it were true, but I know you are chaffing me."

"Chaffing you! As if I'd dare to chaff a living Major—but here comes the Colonel, and as he's promised me a jobation for being late at roll-call, I'll spare him the pain of an interview and skip."

And when Colonel Hopkins, with a smile of delight in his honest eyes, grasped Frank's hand and wished him joy in his preferment, the young soldier knew that the glorious but improbable news was true.

"I can hardly believe it now, sir," he stammered. "What have I done to deserve such honor?"

"Your duty, Frank," was the simple answer.

Not until the leafy month of June did Rosecrans assume the aggressive, presumably because he was deficient in cavalry, and our young knight fretted sorely because he could not use the spurs he had won so gallantly; but the time at last arrived when he had no cause to complain of inaction.

With sixty thousand men the Union General advanced against Bragg, now entrenched at Chattanooga, and succeeded in maneuvering him out of his position early in September. Rosecrans' extraordinary delay excited universal criticism, especially after his splendid record up to that date. Having seized the city evacuated by the Confederates, and supposing Bragg to be in full retreat for Alabama, he advanced his whole force after him, but the Southern commander had been reinforced, and, being assured that Longstreet's corps from Alabama was close at hand, resolved upon retaking Chattanooga, which, as a military position, was of vital consequence to either side. Both armies had become much scattered over the mountainous region; but on the 18th of September they were fairly concentrated upon the banks of the Chickamauga, or "River of Death," twelve miles from the coveted city.

The battle opened on the 19th, and all that day there was hot fighting, with no pronounced result. During the night that followed Longstreet's corps arrived, and he was given command of the Confederate left, Polk being assigned to that of the right, while opposing them Thomas led the Union left, and Rosecrans in person the right.

On the dawn of the 20th the furious onslaught began. Like a rushing torrent Longstreet's men cast themselves as though each had a hundred lives upon the gallant ranks that Rosecrans led. Again, again, again—each time with madder fury, till, yard by yard, they drive them back and break their line. In vain Hopkins and Besant rally their men to superhuman effort. The tide of battle is against them and they can not withstand its irresistible force.

And who are those two horsemen galloping at headlong speed from the extreme right, with their horses' heads turned toward Chattanooga?

"General Rosecrans and Garfield, his chief of staff! What does this mean?" Colonel Hopkins cried to Frank in stern dismay as they rested at a cross-roads to allow their scattered men time to gather round their standard.

"They find the road they are taking impracticable and are coming this way," Besant replied, as the riders wheeled their horses and made for the cross-roads.

As they reached the spot where Hopkins and Frank stood they halted.

"Hark, sir!" Garfield said to his superior, and pointing with his sword to the left, whence came the regular firing from Thomas' division. "That does not sound like a defeat!"

"I tell you," was the petulant reply, "it is a rout—we are beaten, man; and I am off to Chattanooga to telegraph the cursed tale to Washington."

"May I remain?" almost pleaded Garfield.

"As you will," was the ungracious assent, as the hero of a hundred fights, seized with a fit of panic so difficult to understand in one with so brilliant a record, drove his spurs into his horse's flank and dashed away.

"Follow me down this road, Colonel, as soon as you can get your men together: you will find General Thomas in sore need of your help," Garfield cried, as he too rode away.

In half an hour they were ready to advance, though their ranks were but thinly manned.

"Forward, men. At the double-quick!" and once more the Fighting Fourth ran panting to the struggle.

They found Thomas oppressed by superior numbers, but standing firm as a rock, with Polk battering his center and left, and Longstreet harrassing his right. Assault after assault was made, yet those immortal heroes never wavered.

And now another danger threatens them: for Longstreet has discovered a gap in the mountain in Thomas' rear, through which he is pouring a heavy column. Surely all is lost now—but no, Granger comes up with seven thousand raw troops, who have never even seen a battle-field before, and, though the hope seems vain, the reinforcement gives the veterans encouragement. "Only a parcel of boys, fresh from the plow," sneered an aide-de-camp, as he galloped forward to direct their movements. But see those plow boys fight! Had they carried arms for years, and been inured to battle scenes from childhood, they could not have shown a more determined bravery. Over and over again Longstreet charges, but he can not break those solid ranks, and at sunset Thomas, driven back but not defeated,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sting of Bees.

A curious observation made by Dr. Tere, an Austrian physician, formed the subject of a paper read some time ago at a meeting of the French Entomological Society. He asserts that a person stung by bees is for a time exempt from the effect of further stinging, and is protected in the same sense that vaccination gives immunity with regard to small-pox. This protection lasts for six months or less, according to the number of stings received.—Toledo Blade.

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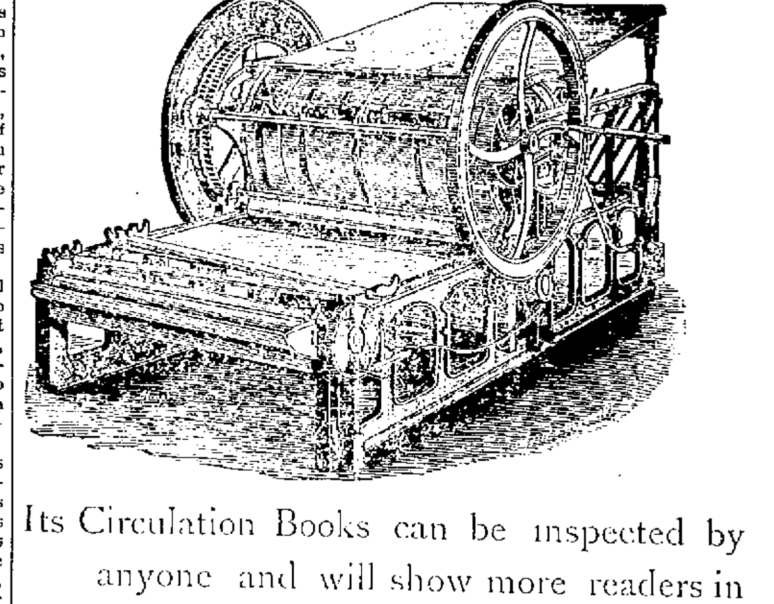

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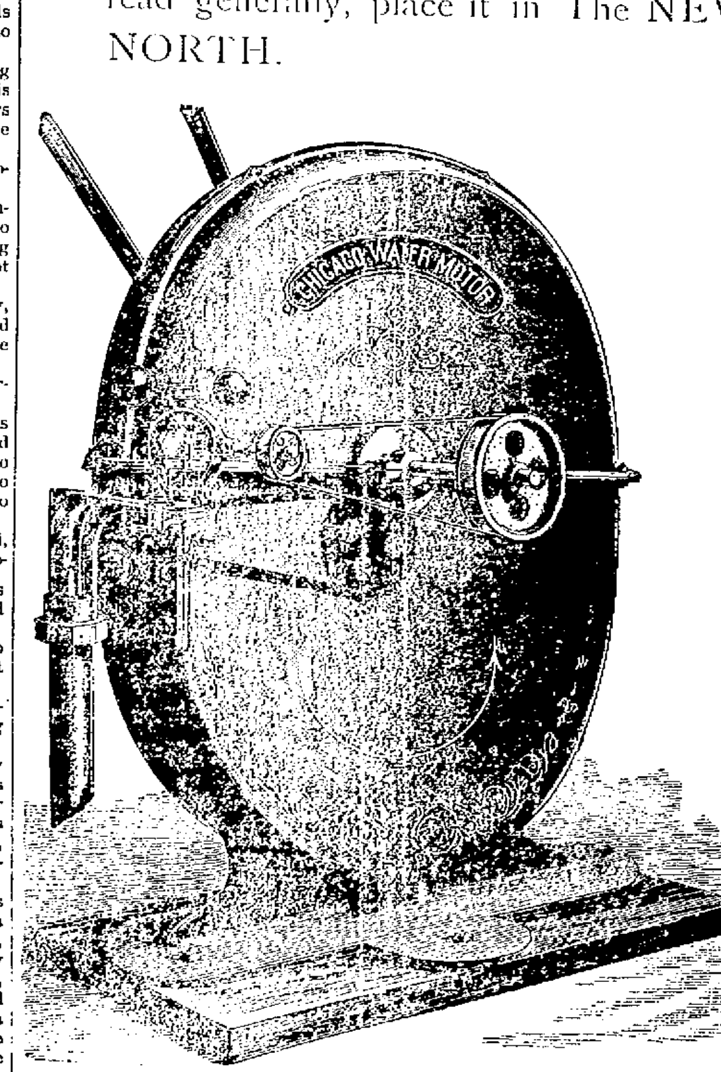

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Sunday School ..... 12:00 m.
Song and Praise Service ..... 6:45 p. m.
Public Service and Sermon ..... 7:30 p. m.

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I. O. G. T

Pelican Rapids Lodge, No. 245. Meets every Friday evening in hall over Palace Shoe Store. Visiting members are cordially invited.
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No. 15—Accommodation arrives ..... 3:00 P. M.

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No. 16—Accommodation ..... 1:05 P. M.
No. 14—Accommodation ..... 11 A. M.
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E. N. Mellor, of Antigo, was on our streets Tuesday.

Olives in bulk, and snow-flake hominy at Reed's. *

E. S. Shepard was at Green Bay Friday on business.

Louis Brown, of Antigo, was in town Tuesday on business.

Call in and see C. O. Aker & Co.'s $7.50 pants for $4.50. *

Irvin Anderson, of Eagle River, was in this city yesterday.

A. W. Brown was at Eagle River yesterday on business.

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Mrs. Jerry Driscoll, of Antigo, visited friends in this city last week.

Prices on photographs lower than ever at Wolcott's new gallery. *

A. D. Smith, of Waupaca, transacted business in our city Tuesday.

Group pictures a specialty at Wolcott's new gallery on Brown street. *

Wolcott, the photographer, is always ready to take views anywhere in the city. *

Messrs. Baldwin and Reardon made a big catch of trout over on pike river this week.

Mrs. Paul Brown leaves Saturday for a few week's visit at Stevens Point and Waupaca.

Try Reed's Bread, the best in town, made with home-made yeast, none other like it. *

A small showers came Tuesday. It was sufficent to stop fires but hardly enough for the farmers.

A dance at the Rhinelander Opera House last evening was well attended, and the music first-class.

The corner stone of the new Marathon court house is to be laid on the 10th, with fitting ceremony.

The schools opened Monday after the weeks close on account of sickness. The attendance was somewhat light.

The best condition powders is pure Linseed Oil Meal. One ton just received at B. F. Edwards & Co.'s flour and feed store. *

Charley Naylor desires to announce that he has secured the services of two excellent workmen to take the places of those who left this week and is ready for all trade in his line, the same as before.

Harry S. Dewey, the general traveling salesmen of the Yawkey & Lee Lumber company, is making many friends among the retail dealers of Illinois and Indiana.—Lumber Trade Journal.

Miss Regina Smith, the dancing teacher, will give her farewell party Friday evening, June 12. Invitations have been sent out, and good music will add to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Mrs. Dr. Daniels returned from her New London visit last Friday. Her sister, Miss Flora Sterling, accompanied her. It is learned that Miss Sterling will remain in Rhinelander and organize a Kindergarten school.

E. M. Kemp, secretary of the Wabash Screen Door Co., was in town Monday. The buildings of the firm will soon be up. The walls are laid and much of the timbers framed. The boilers are expected from Fort Wayne, Indiana, to-day, and will be put in place at once.

The town board were in session yesterday. Among other matters brought before them was the letting of a contract to build the new north side hose house. Two bids were receievd, one from C. Eby for $750, and the other from W. H. Fletcher for $775. The contract was awarded to the former.

A camping party from here put in several day at Tomahawk Lake last week. What came near being a fatal accident happened to two of them, Miss Kate Flynn and a young man from Ironwood were out in a small boat and undertook to change seat. The boat was capsized and it was fully three-quarters of an hour before they reached shore.

A CITY HALL.

Shall the Town Build One This Year.

At the last annual town meeting an appropriation of $6,500, was voted for the purpose of building a city hall. That the amount is inadequate to buy a suitable sight and put up a suitable building there can be no doubt. It would take at least ten thousand dollars for such a purpose if the job was properly done and to put a building within the appropriation would surely be the heighth of folly The town board are desirous of learning the wishes of the town's tax-payers and business men on this matter more fully than was expressed at the town meeting; for that purpose a meeting is hereby called for Friday evening, June 5, at the rooms of the Lumbermen's exchange, when a full discussion of the matter can be had and an interchange of opinions will enable the board to know something of the sentiment for or against such an outlay at this time. While the board hardly desire to stand in the way of any needed improvement demanded by the people, they also do not desire to spend ten thousand dollars at a time or for a purpose which the people generally do not ask for or approve of. There should be a good attendance of all the men in town who are interested, and none should pursue the policy of remaining silent until actsin is decided on and then kick at whatever is done.

THE INJUNCTION DISSOLVED.

Judge Parish decides against The Land Log & Lumber Co.

District Attorney Shelton was at Ashland Tuesday to argue the dissolution of the Injunction restraining County Treasurer Clark from selling the Minocqua lands of the Land, Log & Lumber Co. The firm of Winkler, Smith, Flanders, Bottom & Vilas, appeared for the complamants. After hearing the arguments Judge Parish rendered a decision that the plaintiff had not established a case of unequal assessment and the injunctional order was dissolved. The tax sale has been adjourned from day to day by Treasurer Clark; is still in progress, and on Tuesday next tax certificates on the valuable lands of the plaintiffs will be offered for sale by him at his office in the court house. It is probable that the Land, Log & Lumber Co., will ask the court for a stay of proceedings until the case can be taken to the supreme court.

The County Board

were in session Tuesday. The only business transacted was the auditing of several bills, and a few unimportant land matters. By resolution introduced by A. W. Brown, chairman McIntyre of Eagle River was made a member of the committee on the Agricultural Society matters. The board will meet again June 30th.

Rogers & Johnson's shop had a narrow escape from fire Monday evening. A pair of greasy overalls were hung up in the engine room by the engineer at six o'clock, and soon afterwards John R. Snyder, who was passing, noticed a smoke inside. On entering the engine room it was found that the clothing was on fire and had also set the woodwork adjoining in a blaze. It was promptly extinguished.

The Ida VanCortland Company played to two good houses in the Grand last week. They are the best dramatic company ever in the place - possibly excepting Keene's. The play of Forget-me-not was the neatest and most pleasing ever witnessed by a Rhinelander audience. We are glad to be able to announce that Manager Ashton has closed an arrangement with them to play a return engagement in the fall.

The water company are putting a filter into the big well, near the pump house. It will make a vast improvement in the drinking water. The company are also making a number of extensions to the plant. One is to the new Screen Door Co's plant, which is now being put in.

The graduating exercises of our high school will be held in either the Methodist or Congregational churches Friday, June 10. Harry Davis, Addie Rezin and Myrtle Westenhaver are the graduates. The program will appear next week.

Fred Langlois and Peter Eno now own the Central House jointly. They are having a good patronage and have fixed up the house in good shape. Langlois is well known to all the river and woods boys, and wants them to call and see him.

F. A. Hildebrand has the finest line of furniture over shown in the city. Those who desire to purchase furniture of late style and at reasonable prices need not go to the city for it. *

The town board are having Thayer street, between Fredrick and the Soo House, filled to the full width, which is one of the best road improvements of the year. It has always been a dangerous and unsightly place.

The local lodge of Uniformed Rank, K. of P. will attend the division instalment at Hurley next week in a body. The visiting Knights are to be royally entertained by their Hurley brothers, with drill, banquet, ball, etc.

Minocqua vs. Rhinelander at the ball park Saturday afternoon. Game called at 4 o'clock.

Mrs. Geo. Beers is visiting in St. Paul with relatives.

Geo. P. Dean, of New London, is assisting Irvin Gray in his store.

Ed. Berry is down from Ironwood this week.

E. O. Brown is in the lower, country on business.

Daniel Graham and wife were in town yesterday.

Robert Blackburn was in Wausau on business last week.

Lano & Seeman start their new barber shop this week.

The Fuller House is enjoying the best patronage it ever had.

Messrs Darrah, McNaughton and Medes were in town this week.

D. E. Briggs, justice, has an office over Crane, Fenelon & Co's, store.

Photos, cabinets, cards or panels, at reduced prices at Walcott's new gallery

L. J. Billings law office is now over the Elite, next to the Fuller House.

W. L. Beers horse, "Honest Jim," will take part in the Antigo July race.

The local band and ball club talk of going to Antigo on the 4th of next month.

Ed. Demick and Chris Eby are considerable lossers by forest fires—they had cordwood burned.

Choice selected Early Rosenul Beauty of Hebron seed potatoes $1.25 per bushel at Jewell & Bastian's. *

Joseph Apaul was here a few days recently. He was on his way to Ashland to take a job in a foundry there.

E. L. Demick is at Ashland this week, attending the Odd Fellows' Grand Lodge, as a delegate from Oneida.

The Yawkey & Lee Lumber Co. at Hazelhurst, want a first-class sorter for planing mill. One who is familiar with grades of dressed lumber can secure a good position with them. *

Shyster Sam imagines that he is carrying on a newspaper controversy with the New North, and is apparently surprised that no notice is taken of his drivelling. If the Vindicator is a correct criterion it is not necessary for the New North to say anything of the double-faced Shaker for some time. The effort of one to square himself with the public for his contemptible action at Madison, and of the other to properly observe the heavenly constellations, will keep the force busy writing primer stories for several weeks.

It Must Have Been Lloyd.

"Take that," said a good-looking man in Rhinelander last Thursday, as he walked out of the Vindicator office, and he planked a $5 bill in the palm of our hand. He walked right away, and never said another word. He owed nothing for the paper, job work, or anythingelse.—Vindicator.

At a Bargain.

I have the following described property which I will sell at reasonable figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12 Second addition; Lot 3, in Block 6, First addition; Lot 11, in Block 1, Brown's 2nd, Replat; House and lot in Block 9, on Thayer St, or will sell my two houses and lots on Stevens street. L. HORR.

$25 Reward.

I hereby offer a reward of $25 in cash to any man who will notify Alonzo Mericle, Sheriff of Oneida county, of the whereabouts of Louis Marseile, so that said Sheriff shall be able, from such information, to arrest said Louis Marseile, a thick set, low built man, about 5 feet 6 inches in height, sandy mustache, no beard, fair skin, light blue eyes, sandy hair, high forehead, apt to be around saloons; he sings for drinks, and passes himself off as a carpenter by trade.

ANTOINE TOUISSANT,
Rhinelander, Wis

Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, COUNTY COURT FOR ONEIDA COUNTY—IN PROBATE

In the matter of the estate of J. M. Beals, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the claims and demands of all persons against J. M. Beals, deceased, late of the County of Oneida, will be received, examined and adjusted by the County Court of said county, at the regular term of said Court to be held at the Probate office in Rhinelander in said county on the 1st day of December, 1891.

Also that six months from and after date May 12, 1891, is the time limited for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased for examination and allowance.

Dated May 12, 1891.

By order of the Court.
4wm14-jun1 JAS. W. MCCORMICK.
County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., JUNE 2, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on July 18, 1891, viz: Theodore Dion, H. E. No. 6056, for the SE¼ NE¼, N½ SE¼ and SW¼ SE¼, sec 11, Township 37 N. of Range 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

George N. Gray, Joseph Gassner, Robert Smith and John Labby, of Rhinelander.
6w-J'e4-Jy16 E. B. SANDERS, Register.

CITY BAKERY,
LOUIS STERN, Prop.
Headquarters for Choice Fruits, Confectionery, Vegetables, Oysters and Fancy Groceries.
—A SPECIALTY IN—
Pastry Baking and Ice Cream for Parties and Entertainments.
All orders will be promptly filled and delivered to any part of the city if desired

FARNSWORTH BROS.,
Proprietors of
The North Side Barber Shop,
And Dealers in
Fruits, Candies, Cigars
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
Thayer Street, RHINELANDER, WIS.

GO TO
LEWIS HARDWARE CO.
For
ANYTHING
In the
Hardware Line,
Everything in Stock.

DO You know that Rhinelander has the
LARGEST
Wall Paper
House in the Northwest?
J. J. REARDON & CO.
Have Received
300,000 Rolls
OF WALL PAPER
For the Spring Trade.
People living in adjacent towns are invited to send for samples and prices
J. J. REARDON & CO.

JOHNSON &CO.
The Leading Clothiers
—Have the Finest Line of—
SPRING GOODS
Ever Shown in Rhinelander. Their stock of Clothing embracese verything from the Low Priced Hand-me-downs to the
FINEST READY MADE GOODS
—In the Market. All the latest novelties—
MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
Call and see them. Prices Right Always.

KNOW YE ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,
That the Unanimous Verdict of the [illegible]
ENTIRE NORTHWEST IS that the
"SAINT PAUL GLOBE"
IS THE REPRESENTATIVE NORTHWESTERN NEWSPAPER.
THE DAILY CLOBE [illegible] Is always Fresh, Readable [illegible] daily paper you cannot afford to be without it.
THE WEEKLY CLOBE Has very attractive [illegible] as well as many Original [illegible] and endorse all claims made for it. [illegible] NORTHWESTERN WEEKLIES.
THE ST. PAUL GLOBE PUBLISHING COMPANY has, at a great outlay of money, purchased the right to use Houghton's New Reversible Political Map combined with Rand, McNally & Co.'s Map of the U. S. and has contracted for the printing of the enormous number of 100,000 copies for the [illegible] of those who become subscribers to the GLOBE within the years 1891 and 1892. The regular price of these [illegible] is $5.00 but we are enabled to offer it, together with the GLOBE, at the following
ASTONISHINGLY LOW TERMS,
St. Paul WEEKLY GLOBE, one year with map, $2.00; without map, $1.00.
St. Paul SUNDAY GLOBE, one year with map, $3.00; without map, $2.00.
St. Paul DAILY GLOBE, six months with map, [illegible]; without map, $4.00.
St. Paul DAILY GLOBE, one year with map, $9.00; without map, $8.00.
Do you know a good thing when you see it? If so you will hasten to take advantage of this GRAND OFFER
AGENTS WANTED in every section of the country, to whom liberal terms will be offered
Address: GLOBE PUBLISHING COMPANY, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Send for Sample Copy of the [illegible]

OPENING!
C. E. Brady's New Store!
Will be open for business in a few days. All are invited to call and get acquainted with us and our prices.
Briggs' Old Stand, North Side.

Rogers & Johnson Manufacturing Co.
—Manufacturers of—
Wagons and Sleighs.
General Blacksmithing
Repairing Done on Short Notice.
We Also Have an Expert Horseshoer.

Do You want Correct Time?
Get a Standard Watch
AND YOU HAVE IT.

D. JENKINSON
—Has on Hand a Fine—
New Line of Jewelery
AND WATCHES
A good Display and Everything Bran New. Our prices are also new to this section and we are confident of pleasing you. A call is solicited.
BROWN STREET, - - RHINELANDER, WIS.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, · WISCONSIN.

A YOUNG Philadelphian advertised for a wife and his sister answered. Evidently matrimony was a family want.

AMHERST college will spend $100,000 of the gift recently made her in building physical and chemical laboratories.

JENNY LIND, a niece of the famous Swedish nightingale, was among the recent arrivals of immigrants at New York.

TWENTY-ONE Italian immigrants who arrived in New York on board the steamer Massalia were debarred from landing on the ground that they were ex-convicts.

NEWS comes from San Francisco that a cargo of 100,000 pounds of opium has just been smuggled in from China. As the duty on the drug is $12 per pound the opium ring makes $1,200,000 on the deal.

WALTER HAYNES has lived upon Haynes hill, Brimfield, Mass., since he was eighteen months old. He is 101 years now, has a wife of 93 and a sister of 83, and the horse he yet drives about confesses to 26 years.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, who died recently, received at various times in his career no less than thirteen million rubles as part of the proceeds of military "jobs." This story is openly circulated in Russia.

THERE is no danger of the Japs oversleeping themselves. The reports show that they have been shaken up by sixty-four earthquakes during twenty-four days in March. That is a little less than three earthquakes a day, or one in about every ten hours.

BISMARCK is quoted by a Berlin correspondent to the effect that he will publish his memoirs during his life, so that he can defend them if they are attacked. He says it would make him "jump in his coffin" if some persons he could think of were to have an opportunity of lying about him unanswered.

THERE was a confusing scene in a justice court in Chicago caused through the arrest of two John Smiths for the same offense. By some mistake the wrong one was fined, but the court fortunately rectified the mistake before a mass meeting could be convened for protest by the innocent owners of that name.

THE old method of the art preservative has been discovered by German ingenuity. The means by which the headbands of Egyptian mummies was preserved is to be adapted to fabrics, and they are expected to possess the property of never wearing out. The dressmakers need not be alarmed: the fashions will change twice a year just the same.

ONE of William K. Vanderbilt's greatest hobbies is the raising of choice strains of poultry. He has just given a contract for the erection on his beautiful estate at Oakdale a poultry house to cost $15,000. It will be 385 feet long, and it will contain, in conjunction with original ideas of Mr. Vanderbilt's, every improvement known to professional breeders.

BY a recent Colorado law a man who is caught carrying concealed weapons anywhere in the state is liable to be fined $50 or "jugged" for thirty days, and what is more if an officer, when notified, fails to search a person carrying such forbidden arms, the officer is liable to be fined $250, one-half of which shall go to the informant, and one-half to the school fund of the district.

HIRAM HUNT, who recently died at Robbinston, Me., is said to have been the original clockmaker of "Sam Slick." He was selling clocks in Nova Scotia when he came under the notice of the author. He never felt proud of the notoriety which the book gave him, and resented allusions to it. His age at the time of his death was nearly ninety years. A number of his wooden clocks are still in existence.

THE yard was originally the length of a king's arm; the foot, the length of his pedal extremities. The word inch is derived from the Latin uncia, a twelfth part, but why the foot was divided into twelfths, instead of tenths or elevenths, no one claims to be wise enough to tell. Probably the inch was originally the length of the second joint of the forefinger. "Mile" is derived from the first word of the Latin phrase millia passuum, "a thousand paces."

THE young Chinese emperor has celebrated the completion of his 20th year by picking out a new wife. Precedent allows a man of his rank seven of these companions, and this acquisition is only the second. His mother examined the many candidates for the honor, and selected ten therefrom, out of which number Hwangti made the final choice. The maiden is the daughter of a mandarin of the yellow button, and is said to have the smallest foot in Pekin. To be an emperor's wife in China is not considered a very enviable lot, as after marriage she is never permitted to see her old friends again.

THE late Henry Shelton Sanford was in 1877 one of the founders of the International African association (now the Independent state of the Congo), and became a member of the executive committee representing the English-speaking races. He was United States delegate to the Berlin-Congo conference in 1885, which opened to free trade and neutrality the entire state, which includes 1,000,000 square miles, with a population of 50,000,000. Last year he was a member of the Brussels anti-slavery congress. In 1870 he founded the city of Sanford, Florida, and gave a large part of his time to its improvement.

RECENT experiments with that dynamite thrower, the Vesuvius, show that while she may be useful in blaffing a foreign belligerent, she is not cock sure of dropping a six hundred pound dynamite shell just where it is most wanted. The important discovery is that her entire usefulness in a fight depends upon how quickly and accurately her commander can estimate distances. Her three pneumatic guns are not movable, but fixed, and what with figuring the curve or a projectile's flight, and maneuvering the boat so as to get the desired line of fire, the man commanding her is up to his neck in business.

Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE United States supreme court during its term just closed disposed of 617 cases. This breaks the record. The largest number of cases ever disposed of by the court heretofore in one session is 470.

IN a dispatch to the state department Minister Ryan reports that over one-half of the Mexican imports now come from the United States.

SECRETARY FOSTER holds that polygamists under the debarred class of immigrants hereafter should not be allowed to enter the United States.

REPRESENTATIVES of the Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist Episcopal churches organized the American university at Washington. Mark Hoyt was elected president and Bishop Hurst chancellor. Five million dollars will be asked for.

THE exchanges during the week ended on the 30th ult., at the leading clearing-houses in the United States aggregated $954,051,463, against $1,107,974,416, the previous week. As compared with the corresponding week of 1890 the decrease amounted to 21.5.

THE business failures in the United States during the seven days ended on the 30th numbered 247, against 254 the preceding week and 218 for the corresponding week last year.

THE EAST.

AT Lynn, Mass., James Burns, who was knocked out in an eight-round contest by Harry Tracey, died of injuries received.

IN the Connellsville (Pa.) coke regions 850 families were said to be homeless and without a penny and compelled to live in coal sheds, barns and stables.

JOHN ROCKEFELLER, John F. Plummer, Sidney Dillon, Charles S. Colby and Gov. Merriman, of Minnesota, are members of a syndicate to found a new city on Puget sound.

THE kinetograph is Thomas A. Edison's latest machine and is designed to reproduce at a distance a lecture, opera or any other occurrence, both in sound and motion.

AT the sixty-second anniversary of the Sunday-school union of Brooklyn, N. Y., the special feature was the parade of the children and teachers, 70,000 in number.

IT was said that the first attempt to care for and Americanize immigrant Hebrews in bulk would be made at Harrison, N. J., where the American committee of the Baron de Hirsch fund will build 200 or 300 cottages.

THE president of the ruined Spring Garden national bank at Philadelphia, F. W. Kennedy, was arrested on the charge of embezzling over $100,000 of the bank's funds.

AT the session of the general synod of the Reformed Presbyterian church at Pittsburgh, Pa., resolutions were adopted declaring the actions of the ministers who voted at an election as a "heinous sin and scandal."

THE legislature of Pennsylvania has adjourned sine die.

IN Brooklyn, N. Y., thirty-six lumber firms have closed their yards in support of the New York Lumber Dealers' association in its fight against the boycott of the labor unions.

THE firm of W. & J. M. Bent, boot and shoe manufacturers at Cochituate, Mass., failed for $150,000.

AN attempt was made to steal the body of P. T. Barnum from its grave near Bridgeport, Conn. It has been decided to exhume the remains and cremate them.

GOLD exports during the week ended on the 30th ult. amounted to $4,703,062. The imports amounted to $85,609.

DR. F. BARKER, one of the most eminent physicians in the country, died at his home in New York of apoplexy, aged 73 years. He was one of Gen. Grant's doctors.

MAJ. F. B. HAMILTON, U. S. A., died at Fort Adams, R. I.

WEST AND SOUTH.

MRS. BLANCHE MACKEY and her 18 months' old child were found hanging to trees near Galena, Kan. William Alvord was arrested on the charge of committing the crime.

THREE laborers, Burns, Perry and Dobson, were overcome by foul air in a well at Centralia, Wash., and before assistance reached them they were dead.

AGENT MATTHEWS confessed to the robbery of the American express office at Carroll, Ia., of $8,000.

THE arrest of Charles Seidle was made at Grand Rapids, Mich., for bigamy. He has five wives living, and was on the point of marrying the sixth time.

MRS. U. A. UPTEGROFF, of Topeka, Kan., in a fit of despondency set fire to her house and she and her three children were burned to death.

A MOB took Green wells, a negro who shot and killed John Fly, a farmer living near Columbia, Tenn., from the officers and hanged him.

MINNIE BRANDON, 18 years old, of Carterville, Ill., committed suicide by hanging.

THE people's party will hold a state convention at Springfield, O., August 5.

EDWARD HAGEMAN, a constable, and Cyrus Aldrich, a farmer, killed each other with pistols in a quarrel over over some horses in Norton county, Kan.

IN session at Cincinnati a proposition to admit liquor dealers into Knights of Pythias lodges was defeated by the grand lodge.

AT a crossing near Lebanon, Ind., Martin Spillman and his wife were killed by the cars.

AT Raymond, Miss., Anderson Harris, a colored man, was hanged for the murder of G. M. Lewis, mayor of Clinton.

DURING a fight between circus employes and citizens at Mahanoy City, Pa., one man was killed and a number wounded, three fatally.

LIGHTNING killed Carrie, the 12-year-old daughter of John Peters, near Leavenworth, Kan., while she was eating supper.

W. S. FEATHERSTONE died at Holly Springs, Miss., aged 73 years. He served two terms in congress before the war.

AT P. E. Kramer's sawmill in Frankford, Ind., the boiler exploded, killing Frank Hull, the engineer, and fatally injuring William Davis, Eric Koontz, Benjamin Keys and Van Swarengen.

AT the session on the 28th of the Presbyterian assembly in Detroit, Mich., Judge S. M. Breckinridge, of St. Louis, dropped dead while making an address. He was 63 years of age.

AT Washington township, Mo., Charles Moncrief, his wife and three children were poisoned by eating canned salmon, and the wife and two children would die.

IN the vicinity of Port Clinton, O., an epidemic of hydrophobia prevailed among farm stock and many valuable animals had died.

AT Omaha, Neb., William Barst & Co., wholesale liquor dealers, failed for $100,000.

SAM PUELLING (colored) and Nelson Moffat, 60 years old, were hanged, the farmer at Guthbert, Ga., and the latter at Lexington, Miss.

ALASKA'S population, as per corrected returns, is 30,000.

IN central Iowa cutworms were doing much damage to corn and potatoes.

FOR the week ended on the 30th ult. the percentages of the baseball clubs in the National league were: Chicago, .645; Pittsburgh, .583; Boston, .531; Cleveland, .529; New York, .516; Philadelphia, .515; Brooklyn, .375; Cincinnati, .363. The percentages of clubs in the American association were: Boston, .658; Baltimore, .641; St. Louis, .613; Athletic, .475; Cincinnati, .466; Columbus, .411; Louisville, .422; Washington, .270.

A. TRAUNWEISER, a jeweler at Cedar Rapids, Ia., shot and killed his wife and then fired a bullet through his own heart. Domestic trouble was the cause.

ALMOST the entire village of Osseo, Wis., was destroyed by fire.

WHILE driving across a swollen creek A. E. Meinmeyer and two daughters, Rosa and Ella, of Plattsburg, Mo., were drowned.

AN express train on the Illinois Central road was thrown from the track near Centralia, Ill., by train wreckers, and Engineer Quirk was killed and Fireman Todd fatally injured.

GEN. G. A. DE RUSSEY (retired) died at Detroit, Mich., aged 73 years. He served with distinction in the Mexican war and the war of the rebellion.

MISSES EMILY and Harriet Bryant (sisters), residing at North Amherst, O., were suffocated by coal gas.

GEORGE BENNETT, of Lafayette, Ind., was convicted of murdering W. H. Scott and John Werkhoff and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

JEFF THOMAS (colored) who assaulted Mrs. J. V. Neal at Townley, Ala., was captured by a mob and lynched.

S. V. JONES, a farmer near Holmer Gap, Ala., was visited by white caps and beaten half to death with hickory switches. He had informed against illicit distillers.

AN explosion of dynamite in a tunnel near Silver Flume, Col., killed Henry Taylor, William Coughlin, John Richards and John McHolland.

THE Presbyterian general assembly in session at Detroit, Mich., vetoed the appointment of Dr. Charles A. Briggs as professor of the theological seminary.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

AT Kowloon City, China, nineteen Chinese were beheaded for various crimes.

A STATEMENT that the governments of Austria and Hungary will introduce a gold standard has created a sensation in financial circles at Berlin.

REPORTS that the Christian missions at Nanking, China, have been attacked and pillaged by the natives are correct. The inmates managed to escape.

GEORGE and Lloyd Beatty, twin brothers 71 years of age, of Birmingham, Eng., have been released after serving thirty-five years in an English prison for another man's crime.

AN order has been issued to compel Jews to observe Sabbath in the orthodox church of Russia.

IN a petroleum refinery fire near Dunkirk, France, ten men lost their lives.

THE Fuerst Bismarck, a Hamburg-American steamship, made the trip from New York to Hamburg in 6 days, 14 hours and 30 minutes, the best time on record.

IN session at Edinburgh, Scotland, the Good Templars' congress selected Des Moines, Ia., as the place for holding the next congress.

A WIDOW drowned herself and her two children in the Weser at Hamelin, Germany, because of poverty.

NINETEEN timber vessels were wrecked and all of their crews were drowned during a hurricane on Lake Ilmen, in Russia.

OVER 600 natives were killed by revolutionists in the New Hebrides islands and the bodies of the dead were eaten by the victors.

LATER.

A Big Fire.

NEW YORK, June 2.—A million dollar fire started this morning in the four-story brick building of the Brooklyn Cooperage company, occupying a block. The fire extended to the baggage factory, also covering a block, and also extended to tenements in the rear of the baggage factory.

There was a large amount of machinery in the baggage factory which was destroyed by the fire and water. Loss will amount to one million dollars.

Brigands Demand Ransom.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 1.—A party of brigands near Tchereskei yesterday placed obstructions across the railroad track and succeeded in derailing the Eastern express.

When the brigands had thus brought the train to a standstill they found that that there several German and English tourists among the passengers. One of them was a banker of Berlin. The brigands have demanded $40,000 as a ransom for the captives, and Chancellor von Caprivi has telegraphed to Herr Von Radowitz, the German Ambassador here, authorizing him to advance this amount. The remaining passengers were despoiled of their belongings and were then left alone.

Two lovers, Ada Townsend and Elmer Foster, living near Galena, Ill., suicided together on the 1st, by taking strychnine. The girl's parents would not allow her to marry.

DURING the ceremony of laying the corner stone of a church in St. Louis, Mo., on the 1st, Joseph Stoddard shot mortally wounded Aloise Stener. Prompt action on the part of the police only prevented the lynching of the murderer.

CHICAGO laborers will fight the world's fair on the question of minimum wages.

A DAUGHTER of Mr. Pinney, justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin was killed on the 1st. She was returning from a ball game and the horses ran away. She jumped to the pavement in such a way as to break her neck.

C. R. BOYD, local editor of the Times, Mt. Pleasant, Texas, was found dead on the morning of the 1st, with his throat cut from ear to ear.

THE bill closing the Behring Sea, to English sealers was read a second time in the British parliament on the 1st.

IT has been decided to cremate the remains of P. T. Barnum.

THE national debt increased $622,915 during May.

A TRAGIC SCENE.

Judge Breckinridge, of St. Louis, Drops Dead While Discussing the Briggs Case Before the Presbyterian Assembly at Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., May 29.—The proceedings against Dr. Charles Augustus Briggs, of Union seminary, in the Presbyterian general assembly were tragically and solemnly interrupted Thursday afternoon. At 2:30 o'clock the Presbyterian general assembly reconvened and resumed the discussion of the resolution disapproving of Dr. Briggs' appointment to the chair of biblical theology, which had consumed all the morning hours. Judge S. M. Breckinridge, of St. Louis, one of the elders of the committee on theological seminaries, took the platform in defense of the report submitted Wednesday night by Dr. Patton, the chairman, and in support of the resolution of disapproval. The speaker was the picture of vigorous old age. His hair and beard were frosted with time, but his figure was erect and his speech, firm and decided in the beginning, gave no indication of the approach of death. Yet within fifteen minutes from the time he stepped upon the platform in the glory of a splendid manhood, in the fullest possession of uncommon mental attributes and apparently of physical powers far greater than men of his age usually enjoy, his lifeless form was carried from the audience-room of the Fort Street church.

He made a strong address in behalf of the committee's report. His voice was clear at the outset, but became husky and broken after a time. Then, in evident haste to finish, he grouped his principal arguments and advanced them without elaboration and in short, emphatic sentences. Finally he was seen to waver and reached for the desk of Rev. Alexander G. Russell, the temporary clerk, for support. He said, "Now, gentlemen, I feel that I have discharged my duty and wish to be excused from further speech. My voice troubles—I have—I have done my duty. I—"

His voice died away, and turning half round, as if to leave the stage, he fell to the floor. His failure of speech was attributed by the great audience to emotion created by the important subject under discussion. At once a dozen willing men seated upon or near the stage sprang forward to save him. Hundreds in the audience rushed forward moved by the same desire. The quick, decisive voice of Clerk W. H. Roberts averted a crush: "Stand back! Stand back! Let him have air!" The men slowly settled back in their seats; the women wept silently. The aisle was cleared and tender hands bore the stricken man to the room in the rear of the pulpit.

Dr. Yemans, of Detroit, and Dr. Cornelius Shepard, of New Brunswick, responded to the moderator's request for medical attention. Every means known to medical science for producing artificial respiration and winning life back were vainly applied. The heart ceased to beat before the prostrate man had been lifted. "Heart failure" was the cause assigned for the death.

Meanwhile the members of the assembly who had not seen the set features of their fellow-commissioner as the body was carried out believed or hoped that the illness was but temporary, not mortal. Dr. Hays, of Kansas City, arose in the silence that fell upon the people and suggested that a prayer be offered. Dr. Hays himself was designated by Moderator Green and with every head bowed and with the words echoing in every soul the invocation went upward. This finished, a delegate arose to move an amendment to the pending question.

"Let us first hear from Judge Breckinridge. I do not suppose—" began Dr. Hays. At this juncture a messenger hastily stepped upon the platform and whispered to Dr. Roberts. The stated clerk turned to the assembly and said in a low and suppressed but penetrating voice: "Judge Breckinridge is dead." There was a solemn hush.

It was the climax of a day which will be historic in the annals of the Presbyterian church. There was the wail of women and the sobbing of men. The two divisions of the house but a few minutes before arrayed against each other on what they considered essential points of doctrine, unwilling to concede to the other, melted and mingled in a common grief. Death had disarmed them. Moderator Green in a faltering, grief-broken accent, offered prayer. It was then suggested by Dr. George P. Hays, down whose cheeks the tears coursed as he spoke, that after the moderator had appointed a committee to draft suitable minutes and resolutions to spread on the record, that further business be foregone and the assembly adjourn. The committee was appointed, with instructions to make proper funeral arrangements.

While the committee was in consultation different friends of the late Judge Breckinridge paid warm tributes to his character and worth as a man and a Christian. After a half hour taken up with eulogies, prayers and the singing of hymns the committee reported that Gen. Alger had offered his private car to convey the remains to St. Louis, and that it was deemed advisable to leave on the sad journey at once.

Must Stop Taking Seals.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—The president has received a cipher dispatch from Minister Lincoln at London saying that official notice had been given in the house of commons that a bill would be introduced on Monday to authorize the queen to prohibit British subjects from taking seals in Behring sea. The news of this action was received with satisfaction at the state department. Generally it is taken as an indication that the British government is preparing to accept the condition imposed by the president as a preliminary to arbitration and cause the British vessels to refrain from sealing meantime.

Plenty Horses Is Set Free.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., May 29.—The jury returned a verdict of acquittal in the case of the Indian Plenty Horses, who was on trial for the murder of Lieut. Casey during the late Indian outbreak.

Judge Shiras delivered the charge to the jury instructing them to bring in a verdict of not guilty. He explained that Judge Edgert disagreed with him upon the proposition of bringing in an acquittal but said the instructions to be given, however, would be considered those of the court. His charge was quite lengthy. He declared that in his opinion actual war existed at the time of Casey's death.

HELD FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.

The President and Cashier of the Spring Garden Bank of Philadelphia Arrested.

PHILADELPHIA, May 29.—Francis W. Kennedy, president, and H. H. Kennedy, cashier, of the Spring Garden bank, recently closed by order of the comptroller of the currency, have been arrested on warrants sworn out by Bank Examiner Drew, charging Francis W. Kennedy with embezzlement and aiding and abetting the officers of the bank in making false entries in the books. H. H. Kennedy is charged with making false entries in the books and aiding and abetting others, with the intention to defraud the bank. The amount of embezzlement is placed at $100,000. United States Commissioner Bell gave the prisoners a preliminary hearing and held Francis W. Kennedy in $20,000, and H. H. Kennedy in $15,000 bail for further hearing Monday.

The suspension of the Spring Garden bank has been far-reaching in its effects, and many business houses have been seriously crippled by it. Thursday the Millward-Cliff Cracker Company made an assignment. It is a stock company, and in an investigation of its affairs it was discovered that Frank Benton, the treasurer, had given accommodation notes to the extent of $50,000 to Francis W. Kennedy, president of the Spring Garden bank. When this was discovered the officers of the company decided to make an assignment to protect their creditors pending a thorough investigation.

During the recent exposure of the business methods of the Keystone bank and City Treasurer Bardsley the Third national bank was given an unpleasant publicity through its business connections with the institution and with Bardsley, and in consequence lost within two weeks $1,000,000 of deposits. Thursday President Percy M. Lewis and Vice President George Myers sent in their resignations to the board of directors, stating that they thought the best interests of the bank would be best served by their so doing.

HEIRS TO $1,000,000.

Decision in the Celebrated Myra Clark Gaines Will Case—The Evans Paper a Forgery.

NEW YORK, May 29.—Surrogate Abbott in Brooklyn handed down his decision Thursday morning in the celebrated Myra Clark Gaines will contest, in which over $1,000,000 is involved. The surrogate declared that the will of January 8, 1885, made in New Orleans on the day before Mrs. Gaines died, and which named Marie P. Evans as sole executrix, is a forgery. He declares that the will made in January, 1885, which names William A. Wilder and James T. Christman as executors, is legal and admissable to probate.

[Myra Clark Gaines, wife of Maj. Gen. Edmund Pendleton Gaines, was born in New Orleans in 1805. She became famous chiefly through the remarkable lawsuit in which she was involved. Her father, Daniel Clark, born in Sligo, Ireland, in 1766, emigrated to New Orleans. In 1793 he inherited his uncle's property in that place. He became United States consul before the acquisition of the state and represented the territory of Louisiana in congress from 1803 to 1808. He died in New Orleans August 16, 1813. Under the provisions of a will dated May 20, 1811, his estate passed to his mother, Mary Clark, who had followed him to the United States, and then lived in Germantown, Pa. The testament appointed Messrs. Relf and Chew executors. Mr. Clark had, it was supposed, been a bachelor. It was known, however, that he had contracted a liaison with Mme. Zuline des Granges, a very beautiful young French woman, during the absence of her supposed husband in Europe. Two daughters were the result of this connection, one of whom was Myra Clark, afterward Mrs. Gaines. She claimed property in New Orleans worth many millions under her mother's will and contested her rights in the courts for over forty years. She died five years ago and her two children continued the fight with the result that her will presented by them is now sustained. The money for which she fought for so hard during her life will go to the Wilder and Christman children, her grandchildren.]

FATAL EXPLOSION.

It Occurs in a Sawmill at Frankfort, Ind. —One Man Instantly Killed and Twelve Seriously Hurt by the Bursting of a Boiler.

FRANKFORT, Ind., May 29.—Frankfort was the scene of a terrible disaster Thursday afternoon. The large boiler at P. E. Kramer's sawmill exploded with appalling results. Frank Hall, the engineer, was instantly killed, and William Davis, Eric Koontz, Benjamin Keys and Van Swarengen were fatally injured. Of the thirteen men employed in the mill scarcely one escaped without more or less injury. Others are suffering from broken limbs and scalds and it is difficult to determine the exact extent of their injuries. The explosion took place shortly after 3 o'clock and the mill is a complete wreck, debris being scattered about for a radius of 200 yards. The cause of the explosion is not known, the boiler having been pronounced safe and insured only a week ago. One of the employes says that he looked at the guage only a few minutes before the explosion and it showed plenty of water. The bodies of some of the men were frightful to look upon. The engineer was mutilated beyond recognition, his clothing torn from him and his body literally cooked by the steam.

Receivers Appointed.

TRENTON, N. J., May 29.—O. O. Bowman has been appointed receiver of the Star rubber works. The liabilities are over $500,000 and assets less than $100,000. Frank A. Magowan has been appointed receiver for the Hamilton Rubber Company. Liabilities, $100,000.

Dead for Several Days.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., May 29.—A special from Climax says that the dead body of Mrs. Adeline Hawyer was found on the floor of her residence, with the hands and neck wound with cord. It is believed that she had been dead for several days and an investigation is in progress.

Another Shoe Firm Goes Down.

BOSTON, May 29.—W. & J. M. Bent, boot and shoe manufacturers, Cochituate, Mass., are financially embarrassed, and will probably settle through insolvency. Their liabilities are estimated at $150,000.

Arkansas' World's Fair Convention.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 28. Gov. Eagle has issued a proclamation calling a state world's fair convention to meet in this city August 5. The representation will be the same as that of the house of representatives, with the addition of six delegates from the state at large.

Dates of the State Conventions.

DES MOINES, Ia., May 29.—State conventions will be held as follows: Independent farmers, Des Moines, June 3; prohibition, Des Moines, June 10; democratic, Ottumwa, June 24; republican, Cedar Rapids, July 1.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

FOUND A SKELETON.

The Discovery Made by Boys Within the Limits of Peshtigo.

A party of boys found a complete human skeleton within the village limits of Peshtigo. A silver watch, some money and a clay pipe were found with the bones, which had become partly covered with soil. When the bones and pipe were handled they crumbled to pieces. The watch bore evidence of burning and it is supposed that the skeleton and effects belonged to a victim of the great Peshtigo fire twenty years ago. The bones have been noticed often, but no attention was given to them. The identity of the remains cannot be fixed, as about a thousand persons lost their lives in the great fire of 1871.

Wants a Divorce.

In November, 1889, Edwin J. Cooper, then town treasurer of Greenfield, had a quarrel with his brother in the kitchen of the farmhouse and shot him dead. Cooper pleaded to a charge of murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to state prison for twenty years. Now his wife has brought suit for divorce on the ground that her husband has been in prison for more than three years. The couple have two daughters, 12 and 7 years old.

Settled His Accounts.

Charles E. Cook, the Chicago banker, wanted in Wisconsin on a charge of illegal banking, has settled with those who lost money by the closing of his banks at Hartford and Juneau last summer. He has agreed to turn over certain real estate to his creditors, who expect to realize about 75 per cent. by the transaction. The result of this will be the discontinuance of the criminal proceedings against him in Chicago courts.

Wisconsin Gets a Big Check.

Gov. Peck has received a draft from the secretary of the treasury for the amount due the state on the direct war tax. The total amount is $441,333.67, and is distributed among the various funds as follows: School fund, $141,672.04; normal school fund, $70,959.02; drainage fund, $70,959.02; school fund income, $23,568.57; the normal school fund income, $44,748.91; general fund, $89,466.10; total, $441,333.67.

The Daughters of Veterans.

Mary Livermore Tent, No. 1, department of Wisconsin, Daughters of Veterans, has been established at Eau Claire. It is the first in Wisconsin. The muster and installation were performed by Gen. Griffin, post department commander G. A. R., under authority from Miss M. Estella McMillan, national president Daughters of Veterans. The tent elected Mrs. Louisa Fort president.

A Woman's Crime.

Gov. Peck has issued a requisition on the governor of Minnesota for the arrest of May Templeton, who was charged with abducting a girl from Eau Claire and taking her to Minneapolis for immoral purposes. The woman was under arrest and would be returned to this state for trial. The charge against her if proved will send her to state's prison for a term of years.

The News Condensed.

John Swenson, aged 62 years, died suddenly on a sidewalk in Green Bay.

The new $80,000 bridge across Howard's bay at West Superior is completed.

The corner stone of the new Marathon county courthouse will be laid June 10.

Twenty acres of land have been leased at Bloomer for Chippewa county's new fair grounds.

Isaac Gardner, a commission merchant in Beloit for over twenty-five years, died at the age of 59 years.

The saloon license of Black River Falls was finally fixed at $500.

A big barn on the Mills farm near Afton was destroyed by fire, together with its contents.

The St. Paul road is to build an extension from Shullsburg to Farley, Ia., which will make a direct line from Milwaukee to Kansas City.

Grand Rapids is to have a $10,000 city hall.

George Ellison, a brakeman, was killed by being thrown from his train near Port Edwards.

A late frost destroyed 70,000 brick newly made in a Port Washington brickyard.

Sportsmen who fish in Waukesha county now must use nothing but hook and line.

J. R. Barrett, of Janesville, was arrested at Dubuque, Ia., charged with passing fraudulent checks.

A new artesian well will be sunk at Waukesha.

Chippewa Falls business men have subscribed about $2,000 toward the erection of a large grain elevator.

The Bank of Antigo has been reorganized and the capital stock increased to $50,000.

A pardon has been asked for Benjamin F. Barnes, convicted of murder in the first degree in Richland county.

Stoughton claims to have one of the best mile race tracks in the state, and some fine trotting is expected during the season.

Mrs. Dahlmann, the muscular lady from Belle Plain, who knocked her husband out in one round, was fined $5 and costs by Justice Howard.

Thomas Barney, of Chippewa Falls, and C. A. McGraw, of Augusta, Me., prominent lumbermen, were drowned in the Kettle river near Sandstone, Minn.

A boat with four men capsized in St. Croix lake at River Falls and William Trehan and Dennis Driscoll were drowned.

The body of John Gunderson, a farmer living four miles north of Hammond, was found in a cattle pasture at Emerald. It was supposed that he was trying to separate some cattle he was pasturing there, and was killed by a ferocious bull. He leaves a family in destitute circumstances.

John Mullen was fined $25 and costs for trying to stab William Monkman, a Milwaukee fireman, on the latter's refusal to lend him $10 or even ten cents.

A public library association has been organized by several ladies at Florence.

Oconto's common council has voted to issue $15,000 bonds for a new city hall.

Some enemy attempted to cremate Mike McGivney, of New Diggins, by firing his saloon, but the saloon keeper awoke in time and escaped with a satchel containing $600. It was a second attempt.

FROM THE SOUTH.

How a Tennessee Girl Met an Old Family Servant.

I saw a curious bit in the drama of life the other day, and it seemed to stand out the more effectively for having, small as it was, a certain historical background.

I was taking a modest chop in a little Sixth avenue restaurant, writes a correspondent. The waiters were negroes, and from the time I went in I had looked at the head waiter with interest. He was an elderly man, with a patient, subdued, gentle courtesy that told a story of "befo' de wah," and that affected the character of the very wrinkles in his ancient, well brushed dress coat. He established, or rather he showed his willingness to establish, relations of an ideally intimate character with the patrons of the place, utterly servant like, and yet prepared to note your tastes and cater to them with the devotion of friendship.

When I was half through my meal two young women with the air of ladies entered and sat down near me. I could not help overhearing their talk, quiet as it was, and it soon appeared that they belonged to the ever increasing army of girl bachelors that have taken the town. They were students at the Art League.

The old head waiter stood near by; then he came and changed the glass of celery for a fresher one. Then one of the young women asked him to have a certain window lowered at the top. He sent some one to do it, and then said to one of the girls, rearranging the table a little nervously, in his soft, old voice: "Excuse me; but I've been hoping you'd excuse me since the first night you came in, if I asked you what pahl of the south do you come f'om?"

"Me?" said the girl, pleasantly. "I come from Tennessee. I suppose you know I was southe'rn by the way I talk?"

"Yes, 'm; yes, 'm," the old man said, hastily, taking the plates from the waiter in charge, and speaking with an odd effect of hurry. "My young mist'ess she marry down in Tennessee. She was one ob de Kentucky Prentices." He stopped abruptly and looked at the girl, and she was staring at him. "She marry one ob de Tennessee Sinclairs," he added.

"Why, that was my mother!"

"She was my young mist'ess," said the old man.

The girl held out her hand to him. "Why, my mother always loved her old people so much," she said, the tears springing to her eyes. "She always wanted to know what became of all of them after the wah, but she never could learn much. Now"—she stopped. The whilom slave was trembling all over.

"Please tell—please tell her that Ike, Yellow Ike alluz—"

The girl was looking at him steadfastly through a mist of tears—"She's dead!" she said.

The old man leaned hard on a chair a moment, and then the habits of a lifetime of self-control and deference to other people's comfort came to his aid; he stilled the workings of his wrinkled face and took a dish from the waiter as he came up, although his hands still shook a little.

"I'll wait on these ladies," he said, and then gave some direction about another part of the room. He caught the proprietor's eye fixed rebukingly upon him; but he stuck to that table; he was going to wait on those ladies if it cost him his place.

Things went on silently for some moments, and then he said, sotto voce: "There's nothing here fit for you, missy—is ye named for your ma?" The girl nodded.

"I thought I knowed you by the favor," he added, trying to smile his dog-like affection upon her, and then he took himself off to a little distance and stood waiting upon their call.

I was putting on my coat when I heard the southern girl, who had been very silent, say to her friend: "I suppose he would rather never have seen me at all, really, than to see me heah like this." And then I left, but I think the girl was wrong.—N. Y. Herald.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

How a German Swain Regained His Lost Affection.

Slova of Kief reports the following incident: A German physician passing through the city stopped at a hotel for a few days. The news spread in town that he was Dr. Koch, and in a short time the hotel was besieged with invalids who sought his advice. Among the callers was a strapping young woman leading a stalwart fellow by the sleeve of his coat.

"Please, Dr. Koch, your illustrious German excellency," she said, addressing the physician, "this is my husband. We are married only three months and his love to me is already cooling. There must be something wrong about his heart. Could your illustrious German excellency cure him?"

With a smile which he could hardly suppress the doctor asked her whether there was anything else the matter with her husband. She said that he was otherwise all right; he worked diligently, etc., and slept well and did not complain of any aches. But he ceased to love her and his heart needed a cure.

"Why don't you love your wife?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered the other, with a sheepish air; "probably the heart got sick, your illustrious German excellency."

"Cure him, your honor!" pleaded the woman.

The doctor could not rid himself of them until at last he ordered the man to bare his breast and made an incision in his skin, which he covered with a porous plaster. The young man protested that his heart was instantly changed by the operation and that he now loved his wife more than ever before.—Chicago News.

Looking Ahead.

"Young man," said the stern father, "do you realize that my daughter is in the habit of wearing dresses that cost all the way from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars?"

"I do," replied the young man, firmly, "and sir," he continued, an exultant ring in his voice, "it was only the other night we took an account of stock and found that she had enough of them to last three years ahead."—Cloak Review.

—"I am sorry, Henry," said Uncle George, "that you exhibit so little proficiency in orthography. That letter you wrote to Mr. Brown the other day had so many mis-spelled words that it set the whole counting-room in a roar." "H'm!" said Henry. "That just the way in this world. There were a good many words in that letter that I know were spelled right, but of course I get no credit for that."

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

CHILDHOOD'S HOUR.

I have two boys, two beautiful boys,
And they are my soul's delight;
My heart is swayed by their griefs and joys
From earliest morn till night.

My dreams are rife with loveliest hues
To be woven deep within
The warp and woof of the good they choose
To keep their souls from sin.

And when each night, to their bed consigned
By a mother's loving hand,
Their childish prattle with prayer combined
In reverence bid me stand.

In sweetest tones that an angel throng
Might pause and list to hear,
Their musical voices join in song
As if Heaven indeed were near.

The prayer that my own dear mother taught,
By my beautiful boys is said,
And, "I lay me down to sleep" is fraught
With memories of the dead.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep"
Brings childhood's hour once more,
And tears to eyes unused to weep,
And a voice from the other shore.

"If I should die before I wake"
Comes soft on the listening ear,
"I pray the Lord my soul to take,"
And this is their nightly prayer.

"God bless you papa and mamma dear!"
By each in turn is said;
"Good night!" "Good night" is the last we hear
As they "coodle down" in bed.

They close their weary eyes in sleep,
Untrammeled by earthly cares;
"I pray the Lord their souls to keep,"
As I echo again their prayers.

Oh! when on my dim and closing eyes
This earth is fading away,
May those loving tones around me rise
Like a sunset's parting ray.

For the sweetest picture my hour-glass sands
Unveil in this world of care
Is my beautiful boys, with folded hands,
Lisping their baby prayer.

—W. M. Rogers, in Good Housekeeping.

A BUSINESS VENTURE.

Nancy Kalometer's Experience in a Boston Boarding House.

"I DON'T see how I'm to get to the schoolhouse."

Miss Hall stepped to the door and gazed dismally down the tawny, yellow road. It was raining, and the mass of slush and mud out in the road was suggestive of anything but *terra firma*.

"I 'low if you cut across the medder you can make it."

The young girl drew her waterproof about her, shivering apprehensively. "Now, if I were in Boston, I should have only to step on to the car and be set down at the schoolhouse door. But all of this comes from listening to the doctor's fine theories about invigorating walks and country air," she added, complainingly.

"I s'pose, too, they give right smart more pay in Boston?"

"Yes, but it costs more to live there. Six dollars a week for board."

"Six dollars a week!" removing her hands from the bread she was kneading. "Land o' love! I reckon there ain't many that'd pay it."

"I think there were sixteen at our boarding house last winter."

"Six times six is thirty-six, six ones is six an' three is nine"—then aloud: "Why, that's well onto a hundred dollars a week."

"O, yes, with the transient boarders, it amounted to quite that."

"She laid up considerable at them rates, I s'pose?" Nancy Kalometer's eyes had grown very sharp, and there was an eager note in her voice as she asked the question.

"On the contrary, I don't think the poor woman even made a living." Miss Hall rejoined, as she raised her umbrella and stepped out into the pelting rain.

Mrs. Kalometer stood watching the little school ma'am as she picked her way daintily across the lot.

"A hundred dollars a week!" she muttered, drawing her breath sharply. "A shiftless, good-for-nothin' creetur

SAM AGREED TO TAKE THE PIGS.

she was, like enough." A hundred dollars! Why, with all her slaving and drudging, that was more than she had made in a whole year. Truly, the past year had not been a successful one. The crops had been little better than a failure: the murrain had taken her best cow, and, worst of all, the man to whom she had let Mary Jane's twenty-acre patch had decamped between days without paying his rent. These facts were all the more exasperating to Nancy Kalometer, because she had always prided herself on knowing how to manage her own affairs.

The small farmhouse, with its patch of worn-out ground, had been her marriage portion. Contrary to the prevailing custom, she had retained the property in her own name, declaring that she could hold that farm in her own name just as well as Joel Kalometer could in his. The adjoining twenty acres Joel had purchased. At his death, several years before the opening of our story, the land had reverted to their one daughter, Mary Jane. It was to be held in trust by her mother until she should marry, or until she should have reached the age of twenty-five.

Mary Jane was a pretty, sensible young woman, and had no lack of suitors. But on one and all her mother looked with disapproval. While had, doubtless, a motherly interest

the fate of the twenty acres that always seemed uppermost in her mind. So, when Luke Daniels came courting, and boldly asked the hand of Mary Jane, the wrath of the good woman knew no bounds.

The Danielses, though highly respectable, were, it must be confessed, a somewhat improvident set. While Luke's occupation thus far had been that of a mere farm-hand, he was a manly, industrious young fellow, and was looked upon with no small degree of favor by Mary Jane herself.

"Ma, Sam Grant's come to look at them pigs," Mary Jane called from the buttery.

Mrs. Kalometer dusted the flour from her hands and, tucking her skirts to the tops of her calfskin shoes, hurried out into the yard, where Sam Grant stood in the drizzling rain. The two picked their way across the barnyard to the pens, where several sleek-looking porkers were luxuriating in their native element. After considerable talking a price was fixed and Sam agreed to take the pigs.

"Tom Lisco's got back from Nebrasky," he announced, as they walked back to the house.

"What's he count on doin' here?"

"He cackilates on buyin' stock about here, if he can get a place to suit him."

The look on Nancy's face seemed to indicate that this bit of news was of more than ordinary interest to her. However, she made no further reference to it.

"I s'pose you'll come for them pigs before feedin' time," she called anxiously after Sam, as he quitted the yard.

"Seems to be sort o' breakin' away," she remarked, awkwardly, as she went back into the kitchen. "There ain't been nobody at the post office this week, an' I wouldn't be surprised if there was a letter there from some of Cousin Sallie's folks. I feel sort o' called to go down an' see."

Mary Jane glanced keenly at her mother, but, discreet young woman that she was, made no comment.

No, there were no letters from Sallie Smith's folks, the postmaster informed her. "There hain't been a letter from Ohio this long time, only one that ole Miss Lankers got yesterday. It must a' been from Tom."

Mrs. Kalometer did not go directly home from the post office, but paused at an old-fashioned frame house on the outskirts of the straggling town. Tom Lisco, himself, opened the door for her, and, after a hearty greeting, showed her into the sitting-room.

"I heerd you was talkin' o' rentin' a place," she began, coming directly to the point, "an' I dropped in to tell you that I think some o' rentin' mine."

"Good gracious, Mrs. Kalometer, you don't say?"

"Yes, I'm sick of farmin'."

"You're goin' to try restin' awhile?"

"I—I cackilate goin' into business, in the boardin'-house line, down to Boston," bringing these last words out in an explosive fashion, as though startled at her own boldness. Lisco gave a low whistle.

"Well, Mrs. Kalometer, if we can agree on the figures, I guess your place 'd suit me well enough," he remarked, mentally averring that, with the close-fisted old woman, this would not be an easy matter. On the contrary, however, Mrs. Kalometer seemed disposed to be liberal, and the upshot of the matter was that, when she left the house a half hour later, the terms had been agreed upon.

When it became known in Pikeville neighborhood that Nancy Kalometer was going to Boston, great, indeed, was the excitement. This the good woman seemed to enjoy, and, with an air of conscious superiority, she answered or ignored, as pleased her best, the questions of her curious neighbors.

The first of April found herself and Mary Jane established in a dingy boarding-house on Dyke street. To tell the truth, matters had not yet assumed the roseate hue of which Mrs. Kalometer had dreamed. In the first place, the uninviting aspect of the house, together with the exorbitant rent, had well-nigh appalled her; and, but for the dread of being laughed at, she would have given up the plan altogether.

As the warm weather advanced, patronage had grown lighter, and the small fund they had brought with them to the city was fast disappearing. On this particular morning, as she stood vainly trying to polish the battered woodwork, Nancy Kalometer acknowledged to herself that she was a thoroughly disappointed woman.

The bell jangled noisily, and a minute later, Mary Jane ushered into the room a young man whom Mrs. Kalometer recognized as the manager of the real estate office on the corner. Could she accommodate him with meals during the heated term, he inquired, politely. He would wish special service, and was willing to pay special prices. Some of his meals he would take down town; therefore he would ask her to charge to him the meals he took, crediting him with those he missed. Taking a blank book from his pocket, he began to explain more elaborately his meaning. As he did so, he cast furtive glances toward the corner where Mary Jane stood looking on in apparent indifference.

"No, I won't tell her," she muttered to herself: "she'd tell me to mind my own business; besides I reckon she's got to learn some way."

In spite of the advent of the exquisite Mr. Tyson, prospects did not brighten greatly. July came, bringing unusual heat. To the two women, accustomed, as they were, to the pure country air, each day was a fresh horror. To her dismay, Mrs. Kalometer found that she was growing weak and hysterical. The house was well-nigh deserted. The real-estate young man still came with tolerable regularity, consuming fresh fruits, milk and ices galore.

"It's powerful expensive," Mrs. Kalometer complained; "but a bargain's a bargain, an' as long as he's willin' to pay double price, we can't afford to lose him."

"He ain't paid none yet," Mary Jane responded, dryly.

"No, but I've got it all down in the little book."

"It'll be four weeks next Wednesday since he come here, an' if you don't tell him he's got to settle, I will."

That afternoon Mary Jane wrote a letter. "Well, Luke, poor ma's about beat out," it ran, "and I hope you'll get here in time to settle that rascal. I guess ma'll be glad enough to see you."

"Ready to settle? Why, certainly," Mr. Tyson was saying, as he sipped his [illegible] ice?"

[illegible] that makes

"Ah, yes," making a note with his pencil. "And the credits?"

"The credits? O, yes, to be sure. I—I've made some mistake," her eyes growing wild.

"Forty-four credits, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Quite right: twenty-two dollars credit against twenty, a balance of two dollars in my favor."

"But that ain't right: it can't be!" she shrieked. "I've spent nigh my last cent a-buyin' yer high-toned truck."

"I believe you agreed to this, madam?"

"Yes; but—"

"I was under the impression, madam, that you were a woman of your word; and—"

A woman of her word? Who had ever dared say she was not! An ashy color overspread the old woman's face; she set her teeth grimly, and, taking a

"GIVE THAT LADY TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS!"

bill from her pocketbook, flung it down upon the table. Mr. Tyson arose, stuffed the bill into his vest pocket and walked leisurely out of the house. At that moment the rear door opened and Luke Daniels rushed into the room.

Mrs. Kalometer sprang up and, grasping Luke's arm, began to cry in an incoherent fashion. Whatever Luke had expected, he was certainly not prepared for this. Indeed, I think, had he not already heard the story she tried to tell, he could scarcely have grasped its meaning. As it was, five minutes later he was taking rapid strides toward the real estate office on the corner; and when he returned it was with the exquisite Mr. Tyson in tow.

"There!" he exclaimed, breathlessly, shaking the young man much after the manner of an angry dog, "give that lady twenty-two dollars, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

With this demand the young man complied, with surprising alacrity, and, some minutes later, slunk ignominiously out of the room.

"I jest come down to see if you wasn't about ready to go back to the farm," Luke began awkwardly, turning to Mrs. Kalometer. "Tom Lisco has got tired of it, an' I rented it of him two months ago. Sister Mag's been keepin' house for me, but Mary Jane's 'bout promised to take the job off her hands; an' if you'll go 'long, Mother Kalometer—"

But a strange thing had happened: Nancy Kalometer had dropped in a dead faint upon the floor. All through the long summer months the grim old woman seemed to be fighting a fierce battle for her life, and it was not until the woods had grown brown and patches of snow flecked the fields that they went back to take up their abode in the old farmhouse.

Nancy Kalometer's long illness had left her but a shadow of her former self; and when her neighbors dropped in to twit her about upon the failure of her business venture, the humbled face of the old woman led them to speak kindly words instead.

Years have elapsed since then, but in a cheerful corner of the old farmhouse an old woman sits, alternately petting her wonderful grandchildren, or watching with pleased face the buxom young woman who steps lightly about her work.

"I reckon that girl is the *leatenest* hand at managin'," she declares, with ill-concealed pride; "but, then, gettin' a good, industrious man's jest been the makin' o' Mary Jane."—Mattie M. Boteler, in Good Housekeeping.

Poetry and Fact.

"I love all that is beautiful in art and nature," she was saying to her aesthetic admirer. "I revel in the green fields, the babbling brooks and the little wayside flowers. I feast on the beauties of earth and sky and air; they are my daily life and food, and—"

"Maudie," cried out the mother from kitchen, not knowing that her daughter's beau was in the parlor. "Maudie, what made you go and eat that big dish of potatoes that was left over from dinner? I told you we wanted them warmed for supper. I declare, if your appetite isn't enough to bankrupt your pa!"—Philadelphia Post.

A Sociable Horse.

Some horses have such sociable dispositions as to be restless when left alone. Gilbert White, the famous naturalist, had such a horse. It would not stay by itself when at home, nor remain in a strange stable without struggling impatiently to break the rack and manger with its fore feet. More than once it leaped out at a window through which manure was usually thrown in search of company. Yet under other circumstances the creature was remarkably quiet.—School and Home.

Nothing Essential Omitted.

The telegraph operator rapidly ran his pencil over the message handed him by the lady:

"Dearest John, I got here safely. Send me fifty dollars and a kiss."

"Nine cents more, madam," he said. "There are three words too many."

"Then leave out the last three," replied the lady, promptly.—Chicago Tribune.

—Mr. Whitegoods—"Really, Mrs. Coldham, your table seems to be getting poorer every day. Now, this chicken is quite spoiled." Mrs. Coldham—"Never mind, my dear sir, you can have twice as much of it on that account."—America.

—She Overdressed the Part.—Mrs. Bryde—"You used to call me your angel, John, but you never do now." Mr. Bryde—"No. The size of your millinery bills have convinced me of my mistake."—Saturday Evening Herald.

—Ball-Room Conversation.—"My dear madam, why is it that we so seldom meet at the skating-ground? Is it because I do not go, or because you do not?"—Fliegende Blatter.

CLERKS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

How the Government Work Was Done in the Forties.

A clerk of the olden time, who did valiant service for Uncle Sam in the forties, using a goose quill (for steel pens had not come into common use then), engaged the attention of a Star reporter a few evenings ago. In overhauling a book-case he had found a copy of "The Guide to the Capitol and National Executive Offices," by Robert Mills (printed by Wm. Greer, 1818), and he remarked: "A book like this brings up like recollections of the past. When I read the names of the worthies of those days strange emotions fill my breast. In the four drab-colored brick buildings that once stood near the White house some of the grandest men once did Uncle Sam's service. Some who commenced manhood in shoving the government quill subsequently became much more prominent as members of congress. Others then doing government work were men who had taken such a liking to the city when filling the positions of legislators that they remained here when their terms had expired.

"Many of the present generation," continued the old man, "who saw the old navy building before it was demolished a few years ago have some idea of the executive buildings of the olden time. There were originally but two, one located on Fifteenth and the other on Seventeenth street, but two others were added about 1822. These buildings were occupied by the state, treasury, war and navy departments, and in comparison with the buildings of to-day were mere pygmies: They were drab-painted brick buildings, one hundred and sixty feet long, fifty-five feet wide, of two stories height, with vaults in the basement for fuel, etc. In those days hickory wood was the principal fuel used in the fireplace, warming the rooms. For some years they were known as the northeast (for the state department,) southeast (treasury), northwest (war) and southwest (navy) buildings. They were severely plain. However, when the old Foundry church and Dr. Lauries' Presbyterian church, only a square distant, looked like barns, and President Jefferson's stable, at Fourteenth and G streets, had been converted into a schoolhouse, the old buildings seemed to be in keeping with all their surroundings, but not with the then imposing White house, of which Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, was the occupant.

"Now," said the old gentleman, book in hand, "in less than one hundred pages, made up principally by description of the capitol and historical sketches, each department and bureau introduced with a statement as to official duties, here are the names of the government clerks. There were then employed here less than six hundred clerks and one hundred messengers, watchmen and laborers. These transacted the business of the government then, and were not tied down by any such tight rules as they have to-day. If the work of a desk was kept up it was all right, and a clerk could walk out at will, provided he did not neglect his work. The salaries for clerks then ranged from eight hundred to seventeen hundred dollars per annum, the larger sum being paid to bureau chief clerks. Department chief clerks received two thousand dollars per annum. The messengers received as low a salary as three hundred and fifty dollars, and watchmen three hundred and sixty-five dollars, but most of the messengers ran up to seven hundred and nine hundred dollars.

"Look at the conveniences the clerks now have," said the veteran. "We had none of your revolving chairs then, steel pens were just coming in vogue and ready-made envelopes were a novelty. How did we manage? Don't you know that a good goose quill makes a fine pen. It is safe to say that in 1817 more than half the clerks had never written with a steel pen. The messengers were the penmaners. When not otherwise employed they would cut the quills with a good sharp knife, make the points, and knowing the favorite style of the different clerks, would place on their tables assortments to suit.

"In some instances the writers preferred to prepare their own pens. Machine-made envelopes were, as I have stated, novelties. Generally the less-important letters, notices, receipts of communications, etc., on a single and sometimes half sheet of paper were so folded as to make the envelope unnecessary, and they were stuck with wafers. On the more important documents sealing wax was used. Although envelopes had been patented about eight years before, they were comparatively unknown in the departments. When they were needed for use they were made by hand from common paper, generally a yellow or buff. This was cut and put together with common binder's paste. Subsequently a paste made of gum arabic was used. The outside lamps were for whale or lard oil, and it was not infrequent the candles were used within doors. I forgot to say that the letter press was new about that time. The first I ever saw was used by Mr. Woodbury, when secretary of the navy, and he used it also at the treasury. It was, I believe, his own idea, and it was much like a printer's proof press. It, however, did the work about as expeditiously as the present style with the screw."—Washington Star.

THE CARNIVAL AT NICE.

Some Striking Features of the Great Italian Festival.

King Carnival is escorted to the open square of the Place Massena, where he takes his place under a canopy, monarch of all he surveys. Here from day to day the different groups and processions pass in review before him, until the last evening of the fetes, when he is to be burned in effigy with a grand display of fire-works. He sits astride his wine-cask, calmly overlooking all this folly, but he must be sad at heart, for he bears hidden beneath this gay mask a terrible secret. Stowed away within him is a tub of petroleum, with which he is to be exploded when the festivities are over.

The second day there was a procession both afternoon and evening, of the grand cars, analcades, and masquerades. The car of "The Press" was a marvelous contrivance fifty feet in height, rolling on wheels and drawn by a dozen coal-black horses. A majestic figure of the inventor of printing stood upon it, before an enormous printing-press, working off copies of the leading French journals—Figaro, Gil Blas, Gaulois, Le Temps, while below him were about thirty representatives of all the newspapers, in fancy costumes, distributing copies among the crowds.

Another chariot was called "Night and Day," with a rising and setting sun going up and down in the center, surrounded by dancing individuals whose heads were smaller suns and stars. The whole front of the car was of a bright yellow hue, while the back was night covered with pale silver blue stars. There was a most suggestive chariot named "The Devil's Kitchen." His satanic majesty, in colossal proportions, held a poor mortal dangling over a seething caldron, from which the flames darted forth, while the lower regions of the car were enclosed behind iron bars. There we could see by a glaring Bengal light, innumerable scarlet demons dancing around the trembling morsels of humanity, while they roasted or fried the latter, as their fancy dictated. This car was altogether too French to suit the taste of the average visiting spectator, but seemed to invoke immense amusement among the Nicois.

Then there were the groups of twenty or of twelve, all competing for prizes. The most effective of these was named "Queen Marguerite and the Butterflies." This consisted of ten couples on horseback, the daisies dressed with tights and short skirts of yellow tulle with white petals hanging from the waist; yellow caps with white petals and stems upturned, and daisy parasols. By the side of each was a rider with large, gauzy butterfly wings, butterfly umbrellas and the long, striped body of the insect. Another group was of twelve life-sized ostriches ridden by jockeys. "The Dancing Bears" had each a ring through his nose, and a dependant string by which a faithful guardian conducted him through the intricacies of the mazy whirl.

The single masqueraders included every contrivance one could possibly conjure up, from the ridiculous to the beautiful. One most effective costume was that of a Russian bride in pure white, with a very elaborate head-dress. There were monkeys, dogs, cats chasing live birds, a man dancing with a manikin, a take-off on the invalid Englishman wheeled about in a chair, etc.—Fannie C. W. Barbour, in the Chautauquan.

AN OLD BOOK-STAND.

Its Queer Old Proprietor and His Odd Collection.

The man who has charge of an old book-stand into which I turned, says a writer, my walk dresses in accordance with his business. He had on, the day I saw him, an old linen duster, a pair of nankeen trousers, and a straw hat. He was smoking a little glazed crockery pipe, which had the capacity of a thimble. Did you ever notice how long such a pipe will hold out? The old man laid down this pipe several times and went on errands, and when he returned he picked it up, took a draw at the stem, and the smoke curled up from the little bowl.

"There is some call for all books now and then," he said. "I think the costliest is the New England Primer. It was printed over a hundred years ago. It used to be a text-book in the Sunday-schools. Copies of it are worth from five dollars to fifty dollars, and I have heard that one hundred dollars has been offered for a copy. I heard that an enterprising Yankee in Connecticut got out a fac-simile of the work, and was doing a land-office business selling them as originals when he was caught. But he had made a fortune before he was detected in the fraud. A man brought me a copy of Pike's arithmetic not long ago and asked if there was any sale for it. It is a very rare book, and I have had an offer for a copy of it for some time. Did you ever hear that story about it? The author wanted to dedicate it to George Washington, but the great aristocrat would not have it. I used to hear my father tell about it. He said that the story was that Washington had to threaten to kick the author out of the house before he could get rid of him. Webster's spelling book, the one that had the original story of poor dog Tray in it, you know, is in demand by people who are collecting rare old books. It used to sell for twelve and a half cents a copy. Now it will bring from two to three dollars, according to the date of it."—Chicago Tribune.

FOR PACKING HATS.

An Experienced Traveler Has a Few Hints for Trunk-Makers.

When a woman packs her trunk with her good clothes in it what troubles her is not to get her fine gowns laid away without wrinkles or crease, for her whole trunk has been constructed to that end in shallow trays with numberless straps. What really bothers her is her hats. The hat-boxes in the trunks are altogether inadequate, being too few in number, too large for one hat and too small for two. The real need is for a hat-trunk which shall be given up entirely to the disposition of hats, as the ordinary trunk is to gowns. No inventive genius has yet set his brain to work to supply this want. And women are therefore driven to all kinds of shifts to move their hats from place to place in good condition. A contributor to a New York paper knows one woman who has her hats packed in a barrel specially arranged for that purpose, with hooks fastened inside, on which the hats are fastened. For one of the requisites of successful hat packing is that the hats should have some means of anchorage, so that in the tossing about of the journey they should not get crushed. A trunk devised for this purpose should be divided into compartments, some large and some small, and each of those have its own separate cover. It should also have tapes by which the hat can be tied firmly in a place, and so kept from the destruction that follows their being loosely placed in their boxes and tossed from one side to the other in the journey.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Amende Honorable.

She—Mr. Sutton, that was a brilliant thing you said at dinner—pardon me, but was it original?"

"It was."

"Is it possible?"

"Madam!"

"Excuse me—I did not mean it—you see I was naturally a little shocked to find that after all Talleyrand was a plagiarist."—Life.

When the Fall was Over.

"Didn't it hurt you to be thrown from that second story window?" asked a bystander of the expelled book-agent.

"Not at all, sir. I experienced no pain whatever until I touched the sidewalk."—Jury.

—"Have you had the grip?" asked one Washington citizen of another. "Grip!" was the reply. "I should say so. It seems to me that I have had two or three cable-cars and a power-house."—Washington Post.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—More than 8,000 wolves and 850 bears have been killed in Bosnia since 1880.

—"God be with you forever. Take my house—my home—my all. I am your slave. I bow down and kiss your foot!" The Chinese householder must make use of the above when a stranger enters his door, and if the aforesaid stranger is murdered during the night it's the Chinaman who does it.

—The accommodations for the great criminal court in London are such as to educe this remark from the Standard: "How long, we must ask, is justice to be housed in the greatest and richest capital in the world after a fashion which would disgrace the pettiest and poorest provincial city of a second-rate European nation."

—A landlord died recently in St. Petersburg who remembered his tenants in his will. He ordered that tenants of ten years should keep their apartments free of rent for two years after his death; such as have lived in his house over three years are not to pay rent for three months; all other tenants are not to be charged with rent for one month.

—Edison, when in Paris, laid great stress upon the fact that it was dangerous to be sending, side by side with gas conduits, through subterranean Paris, electrical currents by wires charged with high-tension currents, and predicted that explosions would be the result. Many explosions from this cause are now occurring in Paris, and newspapers of that city are reverting to Edison's warning.

—The enumerators who took the recent English census had, of course, some amusing experiences. One householder handed in a blank filled with the names of "Albert Jenkins, aged four hundred and seven years; Mary Ann Jenkins, aged four hundred and one, and Thomas Jenkins, two hundred and one." Inquiry showed that Albert Jenkins was forty-seven years old, and the others forty-one and twenty-one.

—The trans-African railroad has been completed from Loando to Ambaca, 160 miles in the interior. It is the only railroad in operation in equatorial Africa. It has been built by native workmen, and daily trains are run over the line. Four years have elapsed since the line was started. The Portuguese government guarantees the interest on its cost. The road is to be pushed several hundred miles farther into the interior.

—Baron Stanley, governor-general, costs the people of Canada nearly $1,000,000 a year. He receives for his services $188,696; his under secretary, A. J. Callatier, receives $3,200; chief clerks, $4,200; first class clerks, $3,600; second class clerks, $2,850; third class clerks, $8,100; messenger, $1,520. Other salaries increase the pay-roll of the office to $27,032, which, with a few incidentals, run the annual expense to nearly $1,000,000.

—Mexico has come into possession of a new school ship, the Saragosa, which was built at the Grayville works and launched April 9. She is 216 feet long, of 1,200 tons, and 1,300 horse-power. Her speed is estimated at thirteen knots. Her battery consists of two 12-centimeter guns, two rapid-fire guns of 57 millimeters, and two revolver guns of 37 millimeters. Her capacity is estimated at 230 men, including the midshipmen. Her rig is that of a bark.

DINING IN PARIS.

The Principle Objects Now Are Display and Amusement.

The modern Parisian still loves his dinner; but, if we are to believe the Figaro, he lives no longer in order to dine, but dines in order to amuse himself—to chat, to see, to get inspired, to scoff, discuss and to flirt.

As for the Parisian lady, she only dines that she may have the pleasure of changing her gown, showing her diamonds, her teeth and her hands, and that she may receive compliments. Verily, the famous British couple of lovers that dined on a butterfly's wing and the gold dust of a violet were Materialists compared to these diners.

When last the world was allowed to cast a glance at the tables of the great in France it saw on them uncanny creatures, which no butler would, and no diner could carve, and which turned out to be owls, herons, crows, and such like dainties. They were a novelty, and therefore they pleased.

Whether it is that the taste of these fowls proved such as to drive away the inclination to take food for an indefinite period, or whether the Parisian haute volee has become so etherealized by aestheticism as to be able to do without those things (at all events when dining out) which hold body and soul together, does not appear, but the fact is that in discussions on the subject of "comment on dine" not a single word appears as to what a well-regulated dinner should consist of. The table decorations only are taken into consideration, and from the descriptions of some of them it appears beyond doubt that the flowers are the only fare which is put before the guests.

Here, for instance, is the duchesse de Luynes, who is otherwise known as one of the most charming of hostesses. She is the fortunate possessor of a magnificent dinner service of old Dresden, but whenever it is brought out the two large soup tureens at either end of the table are filled with neither soupe Julienne nor what the continent calls "mock startle," but with one mass of glowing roses and exquisite orchids. The lids of the tureens are suspended above this arrangement, which reminds one somewhat of the roses of St. Elizabeth, that flowered in the basket in which she was taking food to the starving poor.

The countess of Pourtales, another leader of French society, was one of the first to introduce the "floral dinners. Whenever she invites her friends to her hospitable board she has some new surprises for them. Now festoons of violets tied with knots of pale mauve ribbon run round the table and up the silver candelabra (gas and electric light are banished, together with other substantial pleasures of the table); again, wreaths of roses encircle plates and glasses, or a forest of tall white lilacs allow the lights to appear only like so many glow-worms in a perfumed bower.

When Mme. Henry Standish, the granddaughter of Duchesse de Tourzel, gives a dinner at her Louis XVI. mansion there is nothing to remind one that the eighteenth century is a period of the past except the conversation. The furniture of the mansion is in the pure Louis XVI. style, and on her table everything, down to the smallest details, is of the same period. Added to this, Mme. Standish, who is an ardent collector, decorates her table, not with living flowers, but with any number of beautiful Dresden swans and shepherd

esses, cupids, goddesses, marquises and all the rest of the dainty ware that made Saxony famous in the days that are no more.

To such an extent are these decorations carried out that only a single wine glass, which is changed whenever a guest desires another wine, is apportioned to each guest. At the feet of the costly toys a couple of velvety carnations, a tea rose or a bunch of lilacs is carelessly thrown down, and the effect of the table is considered "absolutely delicious."—N. Y. Continent.

DANISH SCHOOLGIRLS.

They Learn Things that Are Worth While and Learn Them Well.

The Danish girl is little known and less understood in foreign countries. Even the commonplace German girl is much more frequently described and analyzed than she in the modern literature of foreign countries. She is, however, worthy of all the observation which has been so freely bestowed of late years on her continental sisters. For Americans especially her training and ideas of a girl's duties in life should be subjects of keen interest, as she grows to womanhood with more Americans characteristics than almost any other girl between the Bay of Biscay and the Asiatic border.

The Danish girl in her youth does not learn so much soldier-like obedience and reverence as the German girl, nor so much imitation of knowledge as the American and English girls. The object of the education of young girls in Denmark is to render them really independent for life. Every effort is made to develop the reasoning powers and to arouse originality. "Keyes" and "ponies" are consequently almost unknown among Danish schoolgirls. A term in metaphysics, just because it smacks of higher education, and gives a young woman an opportunity of saying: "Oh, how I hated it!" is an unknown institution. Everything, on the contrary, is careful, solid, thorough.

Among the very young object lessons are more prevalent than in any other country. Among the more mature the same principle obtains, and all the natural sciences, for instance, are taught with the aid of sufficient apparatus, specimens and charts. The Danish girl gets the same manual training as the boys with whom she is allowed to associate in school hours.

The consequence of this early training is that most Danish girls leave school with all sorts of un-European ideas of their independence. Probably no continental country has, in proportion to its size, as many women graduates in medicine, philology and jurisprudence, and the number of girls in professional and learned courses of study is increasing yearly. Daughters of rich trade people devote themselves usually to the trades of their fathers after having served their apprenticeships in the concerns of strangers, where only the value of their services determines the rapidity of their advancement.

The trade of the goldsmith has within the last fifteen years gained popularity steadily among the daughters of the better class of Danes, so that to-day all the goldsmiths of Copenhagen have young women as apprentices as well as assistants often enough in their most elaborate styles of work. Young women of lower aspirations become bakers or confectioners, and are slowly but surely crowding out from the trades the men to whom such occupations never properly belonged.

Not a few girls in Denmark study the art of gardening. Scores annually become professional dairymaids. Young woman of the peasant class devote themselves mostly to learning all about vegetable gardening, and to encourage them in learning to do their work thoroughly numerous agricultural associations and local authorities give prizes for the greatest skill shown in transforming ugly and unfruitful spots into model beds of beets, peas, and the like.

"High and low, rich and poor," said a German educator in a recent article on Danish women, "teach their daughters to support themselves in case of need without being obliged to stifle their lives in the crowded rooms of great factories and workshops."—N. Y. Sun.

UNDER THE EARTH.

The Extreme Heat of Subterranean Depths.

The workmen in the deepest mines of Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over one seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the center of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor only three or four hours at a time until the Sutro tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at 120 degrees. The deepest boring ever made, that at Sperenberg, near Berlin, penetrates only 4,172 feet, about one thousand feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis. While borings and mines reveal to us only a few secrets relating solely to the temperature and constitution of the earth for a thousand feet below the surface, we are able, by means of volcanoes, to form some notion of what is going on at greater depths. There have been many theories about the causes of volcanoes, but it is now generally held that though they are produced by the intense heat of the interior of the earth they are not directly connected with the molten mass that lies many miles below the immediate sources of volcanic energy. Everybody knows that many rocks are formed on the floor of the ocean, and it has been found that a twentieth to a seventh of their weight is made up of imprisoned water. Now, these rocks are buried in time under overlaying strata which serve as a blanket to keep in the enormous heat of the interior. This heat turns the water into super-heated steam, which melts the hardest rocks, and when the steam finds a fissure in the strata above, it breaks through to the surface with terrific energy, and we have a volcano. We find that these outpourings that have lain for countless ages many thousands of feet below the surface are well adapted to serve the purposes of man. Many a vineyard flourishes on the volcanic ashes from Vesuvius, and volcanic mud has clothed the hills of New Zealand with fine forests and its plains with luxuriant verdure. The most wonderful display of the results of volcanic energy is seen in the northwestern corner of our own land, a region of lofty forests and of great fertility.—Guildthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

—It all depends on whether a woman smiles upon a man or smiles at him. In the former case he feels drawn towards her; in the latter he doesn't.—Boston Transcript.

Town Board Proceedings.

May 8, 1891, 8 A. M.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Roll call, all members present. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. On motion the following bills were allowed and chairman and clerk instructed to draw orders for same:

No	To	fund	am't.
16	Geo L Oleson	general	41.37
17	Clark & Faust	electric light	197.50
18	Robert Ellis	general	75
19	Ball & Schlotmann	general	5 00
20	W D Harrigan	general	50
21	B R Spooner	pauper	4 00
22	T Y Newell	pauper	12 00
23	J Tuttle	pauper	1 55
24	F D Briggs	pauper	5 00
25	S Kelley	pauper	2 00
26	Rhinelander Hosp'l Co	pauper	119 00
27	F Lamin	road	3 50

On motion W. L. Beers was appointed superintendent of cemetery. On motion the following applications for liquor license were accepted, viz: John Cain, Peter Eno, Andrew Morgan' Foy & Gleason. On motion application of Fred Langlois for liquor license on Mill Lot E, village of Rhinelander, was refused. On motion chairman and clerk were instructed to draw orders for the salaries of police, health officer and town clerk. On motion board adjourned until May 9, 1891 at 9 a. m.

WM. W. CARR, Town Clerk.

May 9, 1891, 9 A. M.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Roll call, all members present. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. On motion the following resolution was read and adopted. Resolved that the town treasurer be and he hereby is instructed to transfer 1,400.00 from the pauper fund to the general fund. Moved and carried that the theater license be reduced to $5.00 per night during the week commencing May 4 and ending May 16, 1891. On motion application of A. Tonissaint for liquor license was accepted. On motion application of Nelson & Oleson for liquor license was refused. On motion the following bills were allowed and chairman and clerk instructed to draw orders for same.

No.	To	Fund	Am't.
28	H. Neidicken Co.	general	3 60
29	I. Tuttle	pauper	50
30	W. W. Carr	general	90
31	Johnson & Patchen	general	12 00
32	Brown Bros Lbr Co	general	29 97

On motion board adjourned until May 11, 1891, 9 a. m.

W. W. CARR, Town Clerk.

May 11, 1891, 9 A. M.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Roll call, all members present. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. On motion clerk was instructed to advertise for propositions for fire alarm system. On motion board adjourned until May 15, 1891, at 2 p. m. W. W. CARR, Clerk.

May 15, 1891, 2 P. M.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Roll call, all members present. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. On motion the following bills were allowed and chairman and clerk instructed to draw orders for same.

No	To	Fund	Amt.
33	Mrs B R Spooner	pauper	6 00
34	Mrs M J Hamilton	pauper	65 00
35	B R Spooner	pauper	7 00
36	Robert Reed	pauper	10 00
37	J T Harrigan	pauper	1 15
38	Wm Aldrich	pauper	8 00
39	T B Nicholoe	pauper	32 00
40	Gust Swanson	road	28 62
41	Geo O'Donnell	road	27 00
42	Geo O'Donnell	road	54 00
43	John Pearson	road	23 62
44	A M Johnson	road	15 75
45	Wm Ellis	road	28 62
46	John McCarty	road	28 62
47	Sam Anderson	road	14 00
48	Geo Rosenmark	road	3 50
49	Ole Swanson	road	10 00
50	Mike Melbernott	road	1 75
51	Geo O'Donnell	road	4 00
52	John Johnson	road	10 00
53	James Doyle	road	7 00

On motion application of Pat Gleason for liquor license was accepted. On motion board adjourned until May 19, 1891, 9 a. m.

WM. W. CARR, Town Clerk.

May 19, 1891, 9 A. M.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Roll call, all members present. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. On motion the following bills were allowed and chairman and clerk instructed to draw orders for same.

No.	To	Fund	Am't.
54	Gothia & Demars	pauper	8 50
55	J J Reardon & Co	pauper	30 65
56	G N Gray	general	3 00
57	N L Bloomquist	road	12 60

On motion toe following ordinance was read and adopted.

Section 1.—No theatrical company or combination or concert company or public show shall give any public performance, entertainment, play or show in the village of Rhinelander without having first duly obtained a license for such public exhibition or show from the town of Pelican.

Section 2.—All troops, combinations and public shows shall be compelled to pay said town for each and every night or day it gives an entertainment, the sum of two dollars and fifty cents.

Section 3.—Applications for such license shall be made to the Town Clerk of the town of Pelican.

Section 4.—This ordinance shall not apply to lectures on scientific, moral or literary subjects or to concerts of music if no other object be connected therewith.

Section 5.—This ordinance shall be in full force and effect from and after its passage and publication. All ordinances or parts of ordinances heretofore passed conflicting with the provisions herein contained are by this act repealed.

Adopted this 19th day of May, A. D. 1891.

A. W. BROWN, Chairman. WM. W. CARR, Clerk.

On motion clerk was instructed to purchase 1000 feet of rubber hose for town. On motion board adjourned until May 23, 1891, 2 p. m.

WM. W. CARR, Town Clerk.

May 23, 1891, 2 P. M.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Roll call, all members present. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. On motion the following bills were allowed and chairman and clerk instructed to draw orders for same.

No.	To	Fund	Amt.
58	I Gray	pauper	17 95
59	Thresa Larsen	pauper	9 21
60	E S Shepard	road	2 50

On motion G. W. Beers was instructed to purchase two goose necks for the purpose of watering streets. On motion board adjourned until May 25, 1891, 2 p. m.

WM. W. CARR, Town Clerk.

May 25, 1891, 2 P. M.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Roll call, C. Wilson and G. W. Beers present, A. W. Brown absent. On motion board adjourned until May 27, 1891, 2 p. m.

WM. W. CARR, Town Clerk.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

A Question Which Scientists Have Failed to Solve.

A mysterious potency, which we call life, stole in upon the earth in the primeval silences, and has lingered on age after age as changeless and inscrutable as its Creator. Life is always associated with a particular form of matter called protoplasm, and has been transmitted from one being to another, high or low, in an unbroken series since it first appeared. But, so far as we know, it has always resided, as it does to-day, in little masses of protoplasm called cells.

In the higher forms of animals large numbers of co-ordinated cell communities are grouped together to form an individual capable of varied and complex powers, while in the lowest plants a single cell fosters the spark which but feebly suggests the wonderful capacities of higher types.

We know that protoplasm is an albuminoid substance, and that it looks very much alike in cells which may develop into one of the higher animals, or in those which remain in the lowly elementary condition which probably belonged to the earliest types upon the earth. Hence the indefiniteness of our attempts to characterize and explain its varied forms. This protoplasm has more than once been found at the storm center of controversial vortices, because just here the material and the immaterial seem to meet.

A gentleman just returned from a scientific seance is said to have remarked that, so far as he could make it out, protoplasm appeared to be some new kind of arrow-root, a belief in which did not necessarily imply incredulity as to the inspiration of the Scriptures.

We analyze it, and find what elemental substances combine to give it form, we watch the things it does under the inspiration of the life forces, and these varied observations we get together and write down and call it a discourse upon life, or biology. But when in the last chapter we try to make plain to ourselves or others what it is, after all, which makes this particular form of matter called protoplasm alone fitted for the residence of the life powers, when we try to picture the nature and origin of the inspiring agencies, we find that, like Omar, we

"have heard great argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went."

But while battled in this supreme quest, it has come to pass in these later years that pathways entered upon in pursuit of the mystery of life have led many explorers by different and devious ways into a new invisible world of living things, at once so vast and so minute, so useful and so deadly, that the dawn of a new era in the science of life seems just at hand.—T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

To Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic," belongs the honor of having established the first public bank of which any record can be found, such an institution being unknown to the ancients.

In 1711 the republic of Venice was very hard pressed for funds to carry on the wars in which it was continually engaged in order to uphold its supremacy. As a consequence, a tax was levied on its moneyed men, who were promised a perpetual annuity of four per cent. on the loan thus contributed, the borrowers never dreaming of the possibility of returning the principal.

The lenders immediately instituted a bureau for carrying out the proposed plan of receiving and paying out the interest, and, in a comparatively short time, it was erected into the Bank of Venice. The exact date of its founding is not known with any degree of certainty.

Interest on the loan was promptly paid and the creditors of the republic were subsequently paid in full the sums they had advanced. Consequently, so popular did it become that it was found absolutely necessary to transform the private bank into one of deposit, that all classes might take advantage of the accommodation thus afforded.

In 1723 the interest paid by the government alone amounted to upward of $1,000,000 a year, and the shares and credits of the bank were so well supported that at all times its bills were quoted and held at a premium above the current money of the republic.

After many years of prosperity the bank was given its death-blow by the French invasion of 1797. The freedom of the city and the independence of the republic vanished like a dream before the invaders, and as a natural consequence the bank, having thus lost its credit and support, also disappeared in the general wreck.—Detroit Free Press.

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H. G. ROBBINS.

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The firm of Edwards & Flynn is disolved by mutual consent. B. F. Edwards will receive all money due and pay all debts against the firm.

B. F. Edwards.
John Flynn

Dated, Rhinelander, Wis. Apr. 30, 91.

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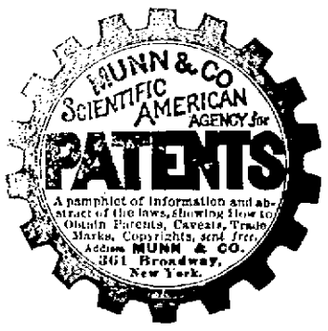

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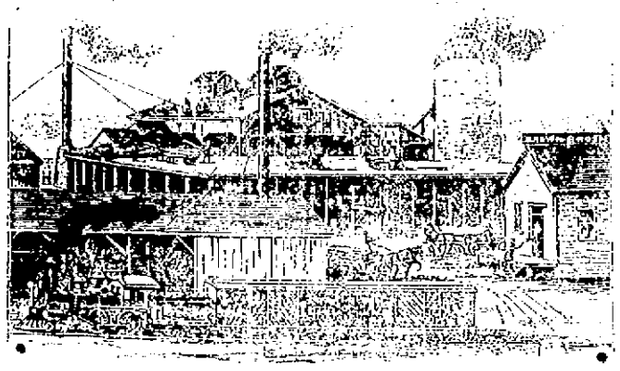

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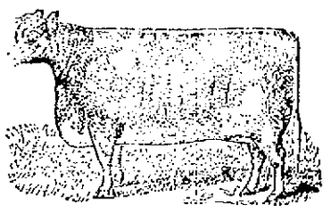

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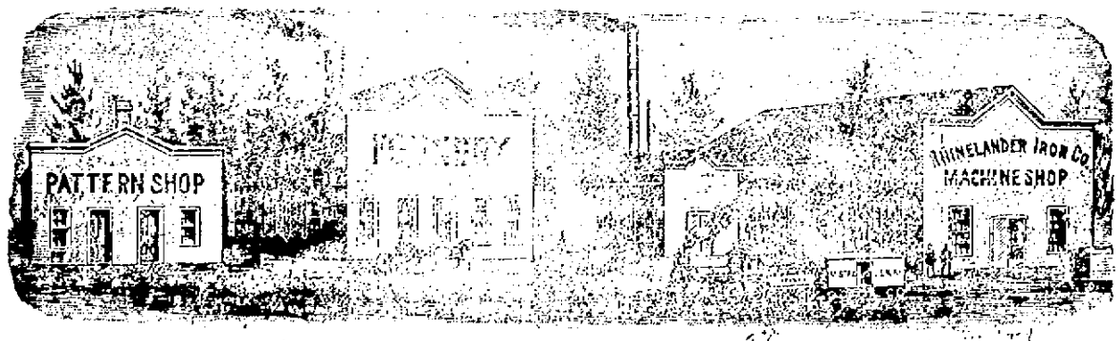

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